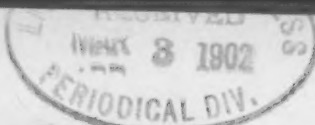


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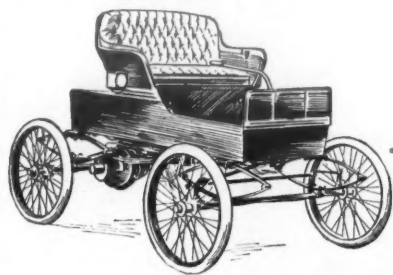
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JOURNAL
REFLECTING
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INTERESTS OF
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PEOPLE

WILLIAM-MARION-REEDY
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR





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THE WAR ON THE TRUSTS.

FOLLOWING the essay upon "THE DIVORCE PROBLEM" issued last week, the succeeding MIRROR PAMPHLET will be devoted to an article "THE WAR AGAINST THE TRUSTS," in which some of the aspects of the great issue will be treated in an entirely unacademic fashion. This issue of the PAMPHLETS will be given to the public next week.

Following the essay upon "THE WAR AGAINST THE TRUSTS" the editor of the MIRROR will present in the issue of the MIRROR PAMPHLETS for February, an essay entitled "FRANCOIS RABELAIS."

The MIRROR PAMPHLETS are sent to subscribers for 50 cents a year, and sold at the news stands at 5 cents per copy. The trade is supplied by the St. Louis News Company or its branches.

REFLECTIONS.

A Symptom

CHAMP CLARK has referred to the election of Mr. Cleveland to the Presidency as "the greatest calamity that has befallen mankind since the fall of Adam." That piece of Missouri persiflage in Congress would amount to nothing if it were not indicative of the attitude of the whole Bryan wing of the Democratic party towards the men who held with Cleveland on the finances. Clark's speech indicates that there is no serious intention upon the part of the Bryanites to patch up party differences. To men like Champ Clark, Tillman, Altgeld *et al.*, Cleveland fulfills the prophecies of the Beast in the Apocalypse, and, the divine ratio is still a party fetich to be disguised in other issues like expansion. There is no chance of the Democratic party getting together if the spirit displayed by Champ Clark, even though half jestingly, is to prevail. The Gold Democrats may flop back to the Bryan crowd on the question of the Philippines or the tariff, but the Bryanites still hold a mental reservation in favor of free silver, and the intimation that the currency issue is to be dropped is only part of the policy of the opossum. When Champ Clark holds such an opinion concerning Cleveland as he expressed in Congress last Tuesday, one wonders what must be the opinion of Clark's brethren concerning Mr. Shepard whom the New York Democrats are grooming for the Presidency. The fact is plain that the silverites are irreconcilable and that the only compromise they will listen to is a public acceptance of the free silver doctrine by those who refused to support it in the last two Presidential campaigns. Whatever the great editors and high politicians may say to the contrary, free silver is not dead. It only sleeps and its sleep is rather light at that. This fact will be made evident to the country before the next Democratic National convention is held.

John Bull's Jollying

JOHN BULL evidently does not relish the "doings" these days in the United States. They seem to tell the world that British professions of being the only real friends of this country were "springes to catch woodcocks." The duplicity of the British Ambassador during the war with Spain has been exposed with splendid completeness, and all the effort to show that Germany plotted against us has reacted upon the English promoters of that misrepresentation. On top of this comes the delegation of Boers to this country on a mission not clearly explained, and a rumor that England has sent a note of inquiry to the other European Powers as to our proceedings and purposes in the Philippines. If England interferes in the Philippines, the United States might not be slow to interfere in South Africa. England's new treaty with Japan is not exactly the act of a friendly Power, however it may appear so on the surface. The rapprochement between this country and Great Britain is checked and the chances are that it will be checked for good and all when this country learns of the renewal of coercion and eviction in Ireland. The Irish in America are a power in making public opinion and they will be sure to put an end to the "hands across the sea" delusion. England's jollying of this country for about five years past is pretty thoroughly shown up.

Damnation.

THE Presbyterian theologians are said to have come to the conclusion that infants dying before baptism are not damned unto eternal torment. This is interesting. But what about all the infants of all these years since Calvin who died without baptismal or other grace while the Presbyterian theologians believed such children were surely damned? What special revelation on this subject have the Presbyter-

ians received? Do they know any more about the matter than was known by the authors of the Westminster Confession? Why should anyone declare anything of the dead? Not that people may not believe this or that of those who have died, but what right has any living person to say that any dead person is damned to hell for all eternity? Would any preacher of any church dare say it of anyone dear to you or to me who had passed away? What rot is such theology as presumes to parcel out damnation according to men's codes!

Distinguished Foreigner

PRESIDENT ELIOT of Harvard is not coming to St. Louis as was announced. It is much to be deplored that he has had to abandon his contemplated "visit to the United States," as the Chicago Tribune happily phrased it.

Mr. Busch

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT honored St. Louis when he especially singled out Mr. Adolphus Busch to dine with Prince Henry at the White House. St. Louis is pleased because Mr. Busch is, beyond doubt, the city's leading citizen, while he is, perhaps, as highly representative a type of the sort of American that can be made out of a German as any business man in the country. Mr. Busch is more than a business man. He is a man of wide culture, though he does not always take occasion to display it. He is a man of broad political and social views and a thoroughly democratic American. He is representative, too, of the West, for his is the first of the great fortunes that have been made in the development of Western industry. He is a brewer, but in so far as he has popularized the beverage he manufactures he has benefited mankind by reducing the consumption of fiery, spirituous liquors. He has been generous to every good cause that ever came within his ken and he has been one of the best friends the working-man ever had. The business he has built up is world-wide in its ramifications and it has been developed out of his own brain. When the President chose Mr. Busch to meet the Prince socially he chose a man that commands the respect and affection of the whole community in which his life has been passed, and one who embodies the very best there is in the solid virtues of the race that the Prince represents. The President, in inviting Mr. Busch to the White House on the occasion referred to, also did the World's Fair a very good turn, as Mr. Busch is the powerful factor in the foreign committee of that organization. The President put St. Louis to the front on an occasion of international importance and universal significance in the person of, possibly, its most generally respected and popularly beloved citizen.

Hobson's Retirement

CAPTAIN HOBSON has been retired from the navy, because of a weakness of the eyes incurred in the service of his country. It is said that Captain Hobson intends to run for Congress, but the rumor is probably false. He is a young man of sense, in spite of yellow newspaper misrepresentation, and he knows well the fate of the hero who enters politics these days. He sees what politics has done for Dewey, Miles, Sampson, Schley and others.

Wireless Telegraph

PERHAPS the most memorable feature of the visit of Prince Henry to this country is the fact that the event first brought home to the public the practicability and vast usefulness of wireless telegraphy. It triumphs over storming elements and it actually seems to open up a way of communicating with the other planets of the solar system provided that there be intelligent beings on those planets. It must be said, however, that the chances of there being

such intelligent beings, even on Venus or Mars, are very slim. True science does not show that the habitation of the planets is probable.

A Defender

THERE must be something in the charge that the Mormons are still practicing polygamy, in defiance of the law granting statehood to Utah. If the Mormons were innocent of the charges we would not hear that the Hon. Perry S. Heath is defending them. Anything that commands a good word from Hon. Perry S. Heath is thereby rendered questionable.

Miss Stone's Release

AT last Miss Stone is free. The country is heartily glad over the event. Her kidnapping will go down in history as one of the most momentous crimes, not as a crime in itself perhaps, but because of the peculiar motives back of it. It was, in fact, hardly a crime at all in the ordinary sense. It was, rather, a political conspiracy. The general public does not know this perhaps, but it is none the less true that Miss Stone was kidnapped for the twofold purpose of securing money to buy arms for Macedonians and of attracting the attention of the world to the wrongs of their country. The reason the Bulgarian government did not secure Miss Stone's release was that it was too much afraid of the Macedonian brigands, said brigands being, in their way, a pretty fair sort of patriots. The seizure was, of course, a crime, but it is not at all unlikely that it will have the political effect intended. The United States will insist upon reparation from Bulgaria and the exaction of the reparation will cripple the government so that it will be less able than before to resist the revolutionist Macedonians.

Letter Carriers' Pay

SOMETIME ago the organization of the letter carriers of the United States inaugurated a movement for an increase of salaries. This brought forth an order from Washington prohibiting Government employes from petitioning the departments at Washington or the Congress for increase of pay. This order was a very un-American proceeding. It is a denial of a right which inheres in every American citizen. The fact of the matter is that the demand for increase of the pay of letter carriers is eminently reasonable. All they demand is an increase of about \$200 per year, per man, raising the pay of those in the first class from \$1,000 per year to \$1,200 per year, and of those in the second class from \$800 to \$1,000 per year. The total amount of increase, therefore, calculating on the basis of the 15,000 letter carriers affected, would be only \$3,000,000 per year. This seems a big sum ordinarily, but it is not so when we consider that it applies to the whole country and that it is to be distributed among a class of men all over the country who are eminently entitled to it. The duties of letter carriers have steadily increased in number. The hours of work have likewise increased in number. The duties added to the original duties of a letter carrier, within the last few years, are such as to demand constantly a higher grade of intelligence, so that now practically every letter carrier has to be considerable of a book-keeper and has to keep himself posted upon hundreds of things pertaining to as many small duties. They have to do, in addition to the mere carrying of letters, a great deal of clerical work in the matter of registering letters and keeping many records. The demand of the Post Office Department has been constantly for a better class of men, and at the same time the hours of work and the quality of the work have materially appreciated. Furthermore, when a man has been a competent mail carrier for a number of years, he is practically unfitted for any other occupation. Therefore, it is only reasonable that the Government should pay him sufficient to enable him to put aside something against the time when he shall be incapacitated for duty and relieved of his mail bag. These arguments are so good that the order prohibiting the mail carriers from presenting them to Congressmen, or Senators, or other officials in Washington, savors of nothing so much as of Russian tyranny. The

people, who are excellently served by the mail carriers in every State, city, village and county of the United States, should take up the cause of the men in grey, and force it upon the attention of the authorities. Every public organization and every publication in the country should enter vigorous protest against the order recently issued prohibiting the carriers from soliciting the increase in salary to which they are justly entitled. The evil of such orders is one which, if tolerated at its inception, will grow until it shall develop into a repression practically of the right of public assemblage, and the right of every American citizen to present to the Government his grievances or his claims for just compensation of service rendered. We are not yet prepared to stand any such tactics as have been adopted to shut off agitation of this question by the mail carriers. Their demands are just. The increase should be granted and the men should be allowed the same rights and privileges as all other fellow citizens. They do not sacrifice their citizenship when they don the grey uniform.

Sickening

WHAT sloop the papers are printing about Prince Henry's visit! In no monarchical country of Europe do the papers indulge in such sickening gush as our writers are lavishing on the brother of Emperor William. One would almost think that the time for a monarchy had come in this country and the people, generally, were craving for some figure-head to whom to render devotion. The reports of the Prince's doings are becoming positively sickening to some republicans and democrats. The American newspapers are disgracing themselves and making the country ridiculous in the eyes of Europe.

Roosevelt and The People

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT has distinguished himself twice since the last issue of this paper, in deciding Admiral Schley's appeal from the decision of the naval court of inquiry and in ordering the Attorney-General to institute proceedings to test the validity of the proceedings of the Northern Securities Company. He decided the Schley case in a manner that puts an end to the discussion. His statement of his decision is practically an elaboration of Schley's own words after the battle: "there is glory enough for everybody." The President does justice to Schley even while finding that the loop was at the least an error. He finds that Sampson was technically, but Schley actually, in command, that the battle was practically fought on Sampson's plans and that, aside from this, the battle was a captain's battle. The President's commendation of Commander Wainwright was well received. The entire decision is straightforward and absolutely impartial. The best evidence of its effectiveness is that it has quieted the shrieking of Schley's friends. His opinion is one of the most satisfactory compromises of disputed issues on record. The Northern Securities instructions staggered Wall street, but they pleased the country. They called for that publicity which the President's message recommended as a first step towards the proper regulation of enormous industrial complications. His action was a blow at the interests long popularly supposed to have the Republican party in subjection. The investigation is one that could not possibly have been made in the administration before this one. It challenges the great corporation combines to show their purposes and to make plain the means by which they would use the letter of the anti-trust laws to defeat the spirit of such laws. At the same time the President's course was not calculated to unsettle business. The moneyed interests are taught by the event referred to, that they are not the first consideration at the White House in these days, and they are only prevented from beginning open warfare upon Roosevelt by the realization that his course meets with popular approval. Not that the President serves or satisfies the wild-eyed radicals at all, but because the great masses of the people believe him to be a man not afraid to do justice either for the people or for the corporations. There is no trace of the demagogue in the President's instructions, and no one fears that he will

do anything that will injure any legitimate business. He has simply called a halt on the ingenious evaders of anti-trust laws, and called upon them to make good their claim that they are not operating in defiance of Federal statutes and Supreme Court decisions. His action as to the Northern Securities Company, coming upon the heels of his fine and noble championship of justice for Cuba, is calculated to make many of us believe that Theodore Roosevelt is a better Democrat than many who wear that party's name. His course shows that he is not a class President, that he is not afraid of the enmity of concentrated wealth, that he is ready to give fight to the elements that for thirty years have been supreme in his party. His attitude is as splendid as was that of Cleveland when the latter stood forth against his own party's mistaken policies as regarded the currency. Beyond doubt President Roosevelt has earned the ill-will of the plutocracy entrenched behind privilege, but equally beyond doubt he has earned the affectionate good-will of all men who believe in equal rights to all, special favors to none. In Roosevelt protectionism is going to find an opponent that will put into action the words of McKinley's last speech. In Roosevelt the trusts will find a man neither afraid to tackle them, nor crazy enough to suggest cures worse than the disease. In pursuing the course that is indicated by his actions thus far, Theodore Roosevelt is destined to win as much glory as a President of all the people, as he won in war as a picturesque soldier. The evil prophecies of the Wall street crowd as to the results of interference in their schemes are not going to be fulfilled. The moneyed interests cannot stampede the country, and they cannot frighten Roosevelt. He is not afraid of the Railway Trust, the Sugar Trust, the Tobacco Trust, the Steel Trust or the Standard Oil Trust, or the Navy ring or the Army ring. Roosevelt represents the average of sane opinion on most of the home issues of the time and the people have confidence that he is anything but "erratic" in his actions. They don't look to him to be a trust-buster, but they know that he will make the trust-makers subservient to rather than above the law that is made for all the people.

Wellington

WELLINGTON, Senator for Maryland, is another Senatorial ruffian. That such persons as he can be prominent in our political life, and are ranked as statesmen, is enough almost to prove that the United States is in decay. Wellington is the only creature in the country who makes a specialty of insulting the memory of a dead man. His despicability is almost sublime.

Mrs. Fiske

THOSE trust haters who are so eloquent in their denunciations of the octopus will have an opportunity to testify their sincerity in substantial fashion in this city next week by turning out in force to see Mrs. Minnie Maddern Fiske in her repertoire at the Grand Opera House. This lady has been for some years the one conspicuous theatrical personage who has openly, continuously and consistently fought the Theatrical Syndicate, refusing to play in the houses it controls and rejecting every proffer of compromise. It is significant that this solitary antagonist of the trust is the leading American actress. She surpasses any woman on the stage in sheer power. She has a high conception of her art. She makes no capitulation to the demand for sensationalism. She appears only in dramas that have a literary excuse for being. She does not depend upon her fight against the trust for sympathy, but appeals always to the highest dramatic taste of the time. Every effort to eclipse her genius, by the methods of suppression so dextrously used by the syndicate, has failed and she seems to prosper by some special dispensation that keeps her before the public as a living proof that the basest sort of commercialism cannot prevail wholly against true art. Mrs. Fiske should be supported for her struggle for clean and strong art. And after that she should be supported by the public for the crusade she is making against a combination that is crushing out individuality on the

The Mirror

IN THOMPSON'S WOODS.

BY ERNEST CRISSEY.

stage and is putting the American playwright into the category of things that were. Mrs. Fiske is a great actress, but she is more. She is a brave woman battling for a principle.



International "Hot Air"

PRINCE HENRY appears to be a pretty good fellow under trying circumstances. He puts up pleasantly with a great deal of ceremony that must be a frightful bore to him, and he doesn't complain at all of the rush that we are giving him. What he has had to say has been marked by good taste and tact, even if it be comparatively unimportant. His visit is an agreeable episode, a sort of gala spectacle, but it does not mean much more. It doesn't commit either his country or our own to any particular policy, and is not, therefore, a topic to be discoursed upon too seriously. The German people and the American people are in no need of any such incident to cement their friendship. There has never been any lack of friendship for any length of time. Still the Americans and the Germans are destined to have a fight for the world's trade, and soft words are not going to butter parsnips in this issue any more than in any other. It is agreeable to think that Emperor William sends his brother over here to see what we are like, but it is not the greatest honor in the world. This condescension upon the Emperor's part might easily be a cause of irritation, properly looked at, but nothing much can irritate us now that we are so prosperous and powerful. Prince Henry is politely received as would be any man of distinction from any country, for what he is himself and, of course, because he represents, in a way, a great Nation, but Prince Henry cannot make a treaty, and he cannot arrange an understanding with any official, that the people at large might not set aside within a week of his departure. In so far as he comes here to have the Emperor's yacht christened by the President's daughter, the incident is a delicate compliment to the President and to the great American people, but it is only a compliment, nothing more. Our orators may "trade last" with him to their heart's content, but all the "hot air" that may be interchanged means nothing in a political sense.



An Important Paper

SIX hundred thousand people's best interests are involved in the question whether the city of St. Louis shall have a new Charter. Therefore the MIRROR presents in this issue an authoritative article upon that question, by Mr. Frederick N. Judson. All St. Louisans interested in this city's future would do well to put aside Mr. Judson's article for thoughtful perusal at leisure. It discusses matters fundamental to the whole vexed question of municipal administration in this country. It is a plea for home rule in cities, and sets forth the conclusions of the best modern thinkers upon the subject of providing proper checks upon political mismanagement and extravagance and corruption in cities.



Nuisances

TILLMAN and McLaurin are both becoming nuisances with their continuous harping on their personal differences in the United States Senate. McLaurin is the less objectionable, to be sure, for Tillman insults everybody who differs from him on any subject. The State of South Carolina should be heartily ashamed of its representatives in the Senate. There is no reason why Senators of the United States from South Carolina should not be gentlemen. The present representatives of that State in the Upper House of Congress certainly do not represent the decent opinion of the people. The petty quarrel between these two Senators and the scurrility and ruffianism of their method of conducting it are an offense to the whole country. The other Senators would be approved by the public if they would maroon, in a social way, the scrappers who turn the proceedings in the most dignified, deliberative assembly on earth into a poor imitation of the doings in Bret Harte's "Society upon the Stanislaus."

Little.

I WONDER if in Thompson's woods
The violets push their modest hoods
Through bedded leaves which frosts and suns
Have wasted to frail skeletons,
Networks of silver veins to strain
Sunlight and shadow, dew and rain,
Into a nectar that shall thrill
Hearts of new violets, and fill,
With odors of the budding wood,
Each heart within each blushing hood?

I wonder if in Thompson's wood
The partridge rears his speckled brood,
And scuds away beneath the brush
When alien footsteps break the hush
That hangs above her mossy nest
And dwells within her mottled breast?
I wonder if the Springtime brings
The whirr of countless pigeons' wings,
The thousand Springtime signs and sounds
With which my memory abounds?

I wonder if the Summer's night
Is threaded by the wheeling flight
Of madcap whippoorwill, whose cry,
Like wail of ghost, goes shuddering by?
I wonder if the beeches wave
As soft a shimmer o'er your grave,
Sweet girl, as when the hunter's moon,
Turned midnight into brightest noon,
And first I kissed you as we stood—
That night of nights!—in Thompson's Wood?



THE SUIT AGAINST THE MERGER.

BY FRANCIS A. HUTER.

THESE are trying days for overloaded Wall street syndicates. One woe is treading upon another's heels, so fast they follow. Fond hopes, shrewd calculations and cleverly-laid plans are rudely upset when least expected. When everything looks lovely and rosy, something untoward turns up again and annihilates, within a half-hour, the fruits of weeks of arduous labor. Such is the weary lot of the hunted, fretting speculator. Like Henry the Eighth's Lord Chancellor, he has ample reason to bewail his unlucky star and the killing frosts.

Accidents are generally in favor of the bears, or those who are working for a break. And the unexpected always happens. The other day, when everything looked fairly serene in Wall street, there came the news that the National Administration intended to file suit to test the legality of the railroad merger in the Northwest. This attack upon the Northern Securities Company proved quite a shock to the sensitive nerves of speculators. As a result, prices broke sharply and everybody appeared anxious to sell at any old price.

There was pending at the time an application in the United States Supreme Court, by which the State of Minnesota asked for permission to bring a suit in equity to restrain and prevent the merger of railroads in the Northwest. A decision in the matter was rendered Monday, the 24th inst., in which the Supreme Court said it had no jurisdiction in the matter as presented by Minnesota. Wall street was, therefore, inclined to be light-hearted and giddy and to buy for a rise, but the announcement of the intentions of the National Government knocked everything silly. The Attorney-General, Mr. Knox, says the merger is in violation of the Sherman anti-trust law and, therefore, illegal. And Mr. Knox so told the President, and the President instructed his Attorney-General to bring suit. And a lot of the moneyed moguls have called on the President to "talk it over" with him.

Much time will, of course, be consumed before the case will be decided. Courts are never in a great hurry. The

law's delay would, under ordinary circumstances, be in favor of bullish speculators, so far as the Northern Securities case is concerned, but for the fact that much depends on the final decision in the United States Supreme Court. Should that decision be against the company, the movement to consolidate competing lines would be knocked into a cocked hat. Stocks have been bought by the carload, in anticipation of consolidation. Therefore, uncertainty of a most threatening and depressing nature overhangs speculative quarters. Consolidation is apparently at a stand still, and what this means may be inferred from the fact that vast amounts of stocks are held by syndicates for the purpose of bringing about amalgamation. These stocks will have to be held for an indefinite length of time; interest will have to be paid on the money borrowed to carry them, and that is not a very small item. It is, indeed, a puzzling situation, and one that will vex the magnates for sometime to come.

In regard to the legality of the merger, legal talent is about equally divided. There is, of course, too much to be said on both sides. Looking at the facts in the case, with an unbiased mental eye, it would seem that there is little question that the Northern Securities Company is a combination in restraint of trade, and violating the decision of the United States Supreme Court in the Trans-Missouri and Joint Traffic associated cases.

The securities of the Great Northern and Northern Pacific, two parallel and connecting lines, are held by the Northern Securities Company. Both companies are thus under one management, and the rates of both will be manipulated for joint interest. Competition will be wiped out. It is a plain case, and one that justifies interference by the Government.

The lawyers syndicate maintain that the Northern Securities Company has no interest in the two roads, and that it is only holding securities in both. They maintain that anybody has a right to buy a controlling interest in as many properties as he pleases, and that such action does not concern anybody else.

If the Supreme Court is still in line with former decisions, it will probably hold in favor of the contentions of the Government. Of course, the Supreme Court is not bound to unalterable consistency. What is right to-day, may be wrong to-morrow. *Vide* the income tax case. *Vide* the legal tender case.

The consolidation movement will not make much, if any headway, in the meanwhile, although speculators may try to give prices another boost. The public, however, has been warned and will fight shy of purchases at inflated prices, with the uncertainty of legal questions confronting it. The warning has come at the right time, so far as innocent investors are concerned. It has proved a little expensive for the gamblers, but that does not cut any figure in National affairs. The country is governed in the interest of the people, and not of syndicates and gambling cliques.



A BREEZE FROM KANSAS.

BY JOHN H. RAFTERY.

THE only time that Senator Mark Hanna was routed from the platform, utterly confused in debate and argued into silence, was when he first visited Wichita and came into personal contact with the genuine Kansas spirit of investigation and dispute. I'm not mentioning the incident in disparagement of Hanna, nor for the purpose of proving a political proposition, nor yet for the historical motive, so the bald and abstract facts will be sufficient. On the Wichita *Eagle* to-day there is a reporter whom everyone calls "Farmer," whose title and duties are expressed in the hand-printed sign over his desk—"Live-stock Editor."

"Farmer" is a farmer. He is over 60 years old and became a newspaper man in his old age because he thought it was easier than branding cattle or putting in corn. He knew Abraham Lincoln, and even now has Plutarch and Epictetus at his tongue's end. He was sent to report Mark Hanna's speech and sat on the stage with his pants in his

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boots, making notes and studying the speaker till the Ohio Senator was well launched upon his theme. The "Farmer," by the way, has invented a shorthand system of his own. Nobody can read his notes, and he is, at this day, the fastest and most accurate reporter in Kansas. It doesn't matter just how Senator Hanna got on the "Farmer's" argumentative toes, but he did and the tall, slim, white-haired Kansan at once laid down his pencil, took off his glasses and rising up on the stage, even under the startled nose of the Ohioan, challenged the questionable statement and in two seconds had drawn the astonished Hanna into debate.

The famous Republican commanded "Farmer" to sit down, but the Kansan in treble tones insisted upon an answer to his challenge. The audience grasped his meaning, knew that he had the orator "on the hip" and howled for their countryman to proceed. He did so with constant demand that Hanna answer him. But the man from Ohio was unable to meet the challenge. He was talking to a man older, more eloquent, as well read, but more experienced in that logic which appeals to the agricultural minds of the West, and Mr. Hanna sat down confused, mortified, silenced. The old farmer-reporter, urged by the delighted audience, made the "speech of the evening" and those who heard him say that it was a speech that even Ingalls might have been proud of.

I don't know whether it is the restless, whipping winds, the exalted glories of the climate, the prodigious fecundities of the soil, the monstrous blights or the occasional unspeakable tragedies of Kansas that have influenced her people, but they are apart from all the world in native genius, in discontent, in inspiration, in hope, in invention and in all those restless qualities that make in time for the fame and glory of a new people. I once thought that the Kansas newspaper correspondent was largely responsible for the incredible stories of the State; that the crop of cranks, as well as the corn and wheat and cattle crops, were figments of the space-writer's brain. But it is not so. Kansas is to-day the wonderland of all the commonwealths: the Kansan is, in most ways, the chiefest, best and most typical product of American national life.

The "Farmer" who defeated Mark Hanna in debate is to-day a Republican. "I'm agen any party that has to go for political capital to the misfortunes, the dangers or the entanglements of my country," saith he. And then he will quote Lincoln and Buchanan in the same breath and finish with "My country—right or wrong!"

I love the Kansan because he is discontented, a poetical statistician and a cordial "scrapper." He is never satisfied. He will argue as confidently with a United States Senator as with a New England drummer, and no topic is too remote, too technical or too home ly for him. He is a fiend "at figures" and, in spite of his dissatisfaction with the past and the present, an optimist of incomparable aspirations. He may insist that, thus far, in politics, in finance, in agriculture, everything has been wrong, but in the next breath he will draw for you a picture of the future that is radiant as a rainbow and glorified with his own determination to make it real. He is always asserting and forever proving that this is the greatest country in history, that Kansas is the greatest State, that his own county town is the coming metropolis of the world and then:

"We've made a lot of mistakes, but we've learned a lot. We're not ashamed of our record, but we want it understood that we're just getting started right."

The grasshoppers and the silver-question helped to toss Kansas adrift on the turbulent and choppy sea of political discord. The grasshopper is a populist bug, just exterminated with repeated applications of prosperity. Free silver gave the Kansan a wilderness of figures and he "calculated" himself into an optimistic confusion that has proved about as satisfactory as the old 13-15-14 puzzle. He took four years to reduce it to an absurdity and now "he knows." He has always been and, I hope, will always be the alembic of more political chemistry than any other American and in the end he will have suffered more, achieved more, known more than any of his free peers.

Passing through Kansas you will see, standing on a

depot platform, a bearded old man, showing the model of a tpatent well, gate or fodder-mill. He is discontented with the imperfect appliances that were good a decade ago and in winter, when he cannot experiment with the soil, he offers to the world his little scientific contribution. If you talk to him you will find that he knows as much about hydraulics, engineering and the relative sciences as many a technical authority. The Kansas corn and cattle farmer is in nearly every instance an ex-officio attache of the federal experiment station of his county. He knows what Kaffir corn and alfalfa will do towards fructifying an arid acreage; he can figure to the pound the value of every agricultural product as a flesh-producing food. He has figures and statistics based on years of experiment showing that the so-called arid region of Kansas is moving Westward or, rather, vanishing before the advance of "dry-soil" crops.

He can figure the change in the percentage of suspended moisture and of rainfall in Western Kansas for the past decade and explain it scientifically by the fact that the plough-turned soil and the water-seeking crops with which he has "experimented" have wetted the earth and exuded dampness till whole counties that were barren have been reclaimed and made fecund. He talks familiarly about the "capillary attraction" of alfalfa roots and the "albuminous nourishment" in sorghum cane. He fights back at the grain-dealers' trust by making a grain-farmers' trust that "works" and, secure in the pride of his soil-subduing achievements, he has forgotten the drouths of past years or no longer fears them. His State has produced in the past five years more food cereals than any similar area in the world and he knows it, but yet he smiles deprecatingly and says:

"Just wait till we get started right."

LIGHT BREAKS IN TEXAS.

WAR UPON A PERNICIOUS STATUTE.

[Texas and her corporation and general business laws have been much discussed in the West. The laws referred to have kept Texas back and frightened people away from dealings in a State in which the creditor was treated generally like a public enemy. A change is coming. New blood and new ideas are asserting themselves. The appended article from the *Houston Chronicle* is the utterance of the new blood and the new ideas referred to. The article will be approved most heartily by the business elements of this section, all of whom have felt that Texas went too far in its legislation against the great capitalistic combinations.]

ANTI-TRUST legislation, from the time ambitious politicians discovered the trail of the octopus, has been popular in Texas. Anti-trust legislation of the right sort is essential to the prosperity of the State and to the protection of the individual citizen, but anti-trust legislation that offends every known law of economics, that provides confiscatory penalties for technical violations of law and exorbitant fees for county and district attorneys, who may or may not be responsible, is pernicious and widely productive of evil to legitimate commerce and industry. Of this kind is the present anti-trust law of Texas. There is no use mincing words about it, and the time has come when the conservative democratic thought of Texas will no longer be brow-beaten by gentlemen who set themselves up as guardians of democracy to the exclusion of every citizen who declines to follow them in their folly and fanaticism.

To say that an anti-trust law that encourages county attorneys to proceed, independently of the attorney-general, against any combination of capital which may hold out to them the prospects of fat fees, does not retard the development of industry and the investment of foreign money within the State, is an obvious absurdity. Yet, we are daily called upon by self-righteous Democrats, who set themselves up as infallible high priests of the party, to subscribe to the doctrine that our present anti-trust law is the ultimate climax of wisdom in the suppression of hideous octopi.

The *Chronicle* has no quarrel with Democrats or the party. It is willing to submit its Democracy to fire and to abide the result. However, it is not fanatical, and, in declining to indorse a faulty and pernicious law that perpetuates exorbitant interest rates and visits ostracism upon the legitimate corporation, is quite willing to accept the

consequences of a comparison of its Democracy with that of these self-righteous Pharisees who cling like retarding barnacles to a brave ship struggling to reach harbor.

Texas has changed in the last few years and is still changing. The age of the mound builder has passed never to return. Individual capital can no longer take care of the demands of the new day. Organization and combination of individual effort and capital are the agencies of modern progress, and laws and legislation that proceed on the theory that these agencies necessarily oppress anyone are bad and foolish alike. Corporations are just as essential to the development of resources and the prosperity of labor as advantageous seasons to good crops.

Men in Texas have entered into corporations, and become stockholders in them, who, until recently, never thought of the wholesome power of combination. Oil has been developed and is finding its way to the markets of the world from Texas fields through combinations of money. Rice has been developed so that it has become a great crop in Texas through corporate strength. Mercantile firms have branched out through the agencies of stock companies. In all of these citizens of Texas have stock holdings. That which was impossible for the limited means of the individual has become success for the many in combination.

If a combination be formed that oppresses labor or defeats development, put the sleuth hounds of the law on its trail and run it to capture and destruction. But it is fatal to the glory and growth of Texas to permit a law to remain on the statute books that authorizes county attorneys to proceed upon the assumption that every combination of capital, or corporation in the State, is a trust to be plundered for fees. In this connection we concede that our anti-trust law was not intended by its creators to be used by county officials, in such a way as it has been utilized, to the end that our public-spirited and most patriotic citizens have been forced to claim for capital invested in corporate enterprise a safety which they know in their hearts is not assured. Meanwhile, it must not be understood that public sentiment is not friendly to the legitimate corporation, for it is. All Texas resents the misuse and misapplication of the anti-trust law. Even the attorney-general of the State may be set down as resenting these things. His course has been eminently conservative, and he has done what he could to stay indiscriminate assault upon incorporated enterprise by industrious fee hunters. In order that anti-trust sentiment may find expression in safe legislation the present law should be so amended or modified that it will no longer menace legitimate corporations nor excite the cupidity of county attorneys not so much blamable for accepting an opportunity to fill their lean pockets as is the State for having unguardedly extended them that opportunity.

SHOOT 'EM AT 45.

BY A UNION WORKMAN.

THE question of the relative interests of capital and labor is a problem that will have to be solved in the near future. It is a question, not only for the man who employs others to do his work in the mechanical arts and in the counting rooms, but for the trades-unions and the political economists to grapple with. The proposals made in Chicago, at a Labor Union meeting, recently, that men who had reached the age of forty-five should be relegated to the rear or disposed of in some way, in order to give the young men a chance, is an indication that the trend of thought is in the wrong direction, and that the trades-unions are taking a step backward in the march of civilization.

The first question is, have the trades-unions of the country improved the condition of the men who work in the mechanical arts? Have they added anything to the comfort, the social standing or the financial condition of those who compose its membership? I grant you the men work shorter hours, but they are compelled to crowd into those hours all the labor that can possibly be accomplished.

There used to be a time when a feeling of interest was entertained by the employer for the employe, when the employer felt, to a certain extent, that he was responsible for the welfare and well-being of the man who was working for him, and, in dull times, kept him in his employ, at the

then ruling rate of pay. The workman, on the other hand, had a feeling of respect for his employer, and was conscientious, to the last degree, in the discharge of his duties and his care for the interests entrusted to him.

All this has been changed by the trades-union. The aim of the trades-union is, in effect, if not in outspoken declaration, to accomplish as little as possible in the fewest number of hours for the largest amount of compensation that can be obtained. The basic argument is that more help will be necessary and fewer idle men hunting positions. To offset this the employers have instituted registering devices, and each employe is compelled to record the time of his arrival and departure from the shop and receive pay accordingly.

The bricklayer, to-day, does not pretend to have a steady position. He serves his apprenticeship, joins the Union, ascertains that a building is contemplated and, possibly, is put to work. He is paid by the hour. Perhaps he gets a full day's work or a week's work; maybe but a few hours. As soon as that one structure is completed he is out of work. His income for the support of himself or a family is as uncertain a proposition as could well be imagined. This same thing is true of the men engaged in most of the building trades.

Take the Printers' Union, for instance. Printers are supposed to rank among the most intelligent of artisans. The laws of the Union state explicitly that no Union printer shall work more than fifty-four hours per week. If a man works more than that number of hours he is fined. The standard of wages is eighteen dollars per week. One per cent of this amount is paid to the Union as dues, and thirty cents per month is charged each member as a per capita tax to the International Typographical Union.

Assuming that a young man has served his apprenticeship and joined the Union at the age of twenty, he has twenty-five years in which to make enough money to support himself, and those who may be dependent upon him, for the term of his natural life, or, if he should live beyond the prescribed limit and not possess the means of subsistence, be a pauper for the rest of his days.

Let's make a few figures. During the twenty-five years, at the stipulated amount of compensation, after deducting his Union dues, car fare and lunch money, estimated at at two dollars per week, providing he has no sickness in the interim and has a steady situation during the entire term, he earns \$20,000. We will assume that he marries. His expenses, calculated at the lowest estimate for twenty-five years, will be: rent, \$4,500; fuel, \$625; clothing, \$1,250; food, \$7,500; furniture, \$1,000; total, \$14,875. Three-fourths of his earnings have thus been spent for actual necessities, and he has no account for sickness, dull times, in which he may be laid off, the rearing and educating of children, if any should be born to him, assessments for strikes, in his own or other departments of trade, labor days, holidays, books, papers, periodicals, amusements or recreation of any sort. After meeting the expense of these contingencies how much of his remaining \$5,000 will he have left to support him in his later years after he has passed the time limit? The Union has the Childs-Drexel home, but that provision can only accommodate a very few extreme cases.

The Union guarantees nothing but the privilege, to the holder of the Union card, to work in any Union office provided he can get work. If he cannot get a job he can do the "curb" act.

It was the Mergenthaler people who first suggested the forty-five year limit. When the machines were placed in the large daily paper offices to supersede hand composition, they were rented at \$500 per year for each machine. The stipulation was that printers were to operate them, but that young men must be chosen, and no one over the age of forty-five must be placed in charge of a machine. Thousands of old printers were thus thrown out of employment, many of them more competent workmen than the ones retained. These men had to seek work in other avenues of industry, or to pick up such hand-composition as they could in book and job offices.

Hand composition, on book and periodical work, the scale of prices stipulates, shall be at the rate of not less than thirty-five cents per thousand ems. At this rate a man, if he be at all competent, can make a good living. But the machine again comes to the front. The machine scale, fixed by the Union, is from eleven to fourteen cents per thousand ems. The consequence of this is that proprietors of machines can furnish linotype matter to publishers of periodicals at twenty-five cents per thousand ems, with one proof read and corrected, but members of the Union are forbidden under the direst of penalties, from entering into competition with machines, at the same price, these precluding the possibility of earning the proverbial half loaf in preference to no bread.

Under these conditions how is the average printer to provide anything for the sustenance of himself and wife, allowing that the children be able to take care of themselves, after he has passed the limit of age? How can the children be expected to support the parents, when conditions are such that they can barely support themselves? What man possessed of ordinary skill and ability, wants to be a pauper, or be dependent upon others for his daily bread?

A pension system is in vogue in Australia for the support of those who have passed the age limit of usefulness. It is yet in the experimental stage, but, so far, its results for good are regarded as doubtful.

It is time for the labor leaders and trades union organizers to consider whether, working along the present lines, they are accomplishing anything that is, or will in the future, be beneficial to those associated with them or in whose interests they are laboring. They will have to look at the matter from the humanitarian side of the question, and not regard the workman as a unit in an aggregation for extracting a certain amount of money from the grasp of the capitalists. When we commence to talk, even in jest, of shooting those who have reached the age of forty-five, in order to give the younger men a chance, we are sinking pretty low in the social scale.

It seems to the writer of this article that the only remedy lies in the Federal Government taking the matter in hand; that laws should be enacted for the prevention of strikes, with all their concomitant evils, that would bind absolutely both parties to the controversy to the decision of arbitrators; that in the attempted betterment of the condition of the laboring man, the interests of both employer and employe should be more generally considered; that the laboring man must be regarded as part of this great Republic, a factor in the evolution of the future possibilities of the world.

Paternalism, or Government supervision, will, in the near future, be the political issue. Municipal ownership of utilities and Governmental control of railroads and telegraph lines are but a step in the right direction. The Post-Office Department of the United States is an object-lesson of the beneficial advantages of the system.

Why not carry this idea to the ultimate? An assurance association could be formed, controlled by the Government, on similar lines to those of private enterprises of the same character, but with the possibility of failure and speculation provided against, in the same manner that the circulation of National Banks is protected. The amount paid to insurance companies, benefit societies, and other associations of similar character, would provide sustenance for all the worthy ones in America, who, by reason of age or illness, would be unable to earn a living for themselves. The merit system should rule in all departments of human endeavor.

Numerically the workingman is strong enough to inaugurate all the reforms necessary, by a proper use of the ballot, but he must first cut loose from the walking delegate, the politician and those who work solely with their tongues to the detriment of their fellow men.

Bellamy's Utopian dream may not be realized in its entirety, but there is intelligence enough in this country to formulate plans that will make this Nation the ideal Republic of the world that we are proclaiming it to be.

THE WOES OF WOMEN WRITERS.

BY GERALDINE BONNER.

THERE was a dinner of literary ladies, a short while ago, at the Vagabonds' Club in London, at which John Oliver Hobbes—in private life Mrs. Pearl Craigie—made a speech apropos of the public's tendency to confuse the woman writer with her heroines. The text for the speech was furnished by the severe handling which Lucas Malet—she, in private life, is Mrs. Harrison—has received at the hands of press and people for the somewhat brutal frankness of her new book, "Sir Richard Calmady." The novel has been attacked, and so has Lucas Malet. Disagreeable things have been said of both work and author, and particularly disagreeable has it seemed to the British public that a woman should have written such a book.

According to Mrs. Craigie, the inclination always to discover the authoress in her heroine accounts for the woman writer's tendency to hide behind a masculine *nom de plume*. The author may write of anything he pleases, and no one sees him in his own hero, or in his own villain, or thinks he is telling the secrets of his own life. But the woman is spied lurking in all her female characters, especially should they happen not to be just the kind Mrs. Grundy is sure to approve. Then the public, if it does not openly accuse her of having painted her own portrait, inquires, with its tongue in its cheek, how she comes to know so much of things on which respectable writing ladies, no matter how vast their age or wide their learning, are supposed to pretend a delicate ignorance. If a controversy arises, the writer and her character immediately become the main matter of argument. The public will not permit her to stand outside the personal question and await judgment as an author. She is to them always more a woman, and a woman who has broken through a respected and seemly tradition.

In England her position seems to be particularly trying. Mrs. Craigie, in her address, cited two cases in support of her statement. In one, an authoress of the realistic and powerful school, a lady happily married, and the mother of delightful children, was recently asked if she intended leaving home and family to join the gifted violinist who was awaiting her on the Continent. In the other, a talented woman of social position had written a brilliant romance which she had read to her sisters, who admired it immensely, pronounced it a work of genius, but were horrified at the thought of their sister publishing it under her name. When she wanted to know their reason for desiring her to remain anonymous, they said everybody would think it was about them, a revelation of family secrets, and that she, appearing before the world as an authoress, must "be in love with somebody, or contemplate doing something foolish."

While this may appear to us as rather an exaggerated statement of the trials of the female scribbler, there is no doubt that the public regards the woman with the pen in an entirely different spirit to that in which it regards the man. In the past the woman who wrote, while she was not quite so much of a pariah as the actress, who, in France, was at one time not allowed burial in consecrated ground, still was looked upon somewhat askance. If she was not quite beyond the pale, the author of entirely dreadful productions, she was always regarded as a person who chose to range in not quite conventional pastures. Even Jane Austin and Frances Burney could not overcome the prejudice against the writing woman, though they never attempted to pass outside the sphere of drawing-room observation, in which their charming, maidenly misses were so humorously interesting and keen.

But when the woman attempted to broaden her circle of observation, then the animosity of which Mrs. Craigie complains made itself felt. Everybody knows the fierce reviews that "Jane Eyre" called forth. I once read that famous one which appeared in one of the great magazines of the day, and on which Swinburne wrote such a ferocious criticism in his monograph on Charlotte Bronte. It is extraordinary in the savageness of its attack, not alone on the book, but on the author. The writer had guessed a woman under the masculine *nom de plume*, and she, as an authoress, was the object of his spiteful onslaught. We saw the same thing in this country when the untrammelled Amelie Rives smote her lyre in the South. The un-

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OUT WEST.

BY CHARLOT M. HALL.

fortunate woman, who was young, and it is to be presumed unaggressive and peaceful, was assailed as if she had attempted to undermine the character of the entire country. The moral value of matter she produced, brilliantly original, if somewhat too frank for the Puritan conscience of our respected and respectable land, was evidently not of half as much moment as the moral attitude of the lady who wrote it. This was matter of comment throughout the country, the ferocity with which Miss Rives herself was attacked being twice as violent as the ferocity with which her work was reviewed.

To hide themselves under the *nom de plume* of a man, has been—Mrs. Craigie says—the only way the woman writer has been able to secure protection. It would not seem that this had been a very successful device. Few of them have been able to keep the secret of their sex. Charlotte Bronte, whose style was extremely masculine, preserved her *incognito* for a longer time than most women, but eventually was discovered. George Eliot's sex was not long a secret. Some one—Dickens, I believe—said that there were touches in "The Scenes From Clerical Life" that could only have been written by a woman, and that was her first book. I am sure nobody ever thought John Oliver Hobbes was a man. Femininity breathes from every page she ever wrote. Charles Egbert Craddock (Miss Murfree), in this country, is said to have been one of the few cases where the male *nom de plume* proved an effectual disguise. There is a story that her publisher, in Boston, hearing "Mr. Craddock" was in town, said to a friend: "I hear Craddock is in town. Bring him round to dinner to-night." Which the friend did, "Craddock" being introduced as a quiet little lady, a semi-invalid, delicate and pretty.

One of the reasons for this confusing of the authoress with her work is that the public generally takes more interest in the woman simply as a woman, than it does in the man as a man. In the first place, the women who followed the arts were, until quite lately, brilliant, unconventional, interesting beings, who were generally emancipated from the conventional rules and regulations that are followed by the mass of mankind. The woman who wrote, or painted, or acted, whatever else she might have been, was always unusual, and out of the ordinary. The mere fact that she was engaged in such work was enough to set her apart from the common ruck, and make the common ruck curious to know the details of her life—how many dozen she sent to the wash every week, whether she lived happily with her husband, and if her color was natural.

A man is never interesting in just this way. There is not enough mystery about him, and then men, for centuries, have been writing and painting and sculpting in the most commonplace manner, so that they can follow these distinguished crafts and yet remain unlifted from the groove of the humdrum. But it meant a tremendous divergence from the ordinary for the women to do it. It pre-supposed a remarkable woman—not always worthily remarkable, but always interestingly remarkable—and remarkable women appear to be wonderfully interesting to the people who are not remarkable themselves. Imagine what George Sand was to the world of simple, *bourgeois* French of her day! No man in France—or Europe, for that matter—could have been half so engrossing either as a topic of conversation or an object of observation. Her men's clothes, her lovers, her novels, her views, her friendships, each and all must have been more absorbing things to talk of than revolutions, or wars, or changes of ministry.

The mass of mankind loves gossip, and women are more gossippable (excuse the word!) than men. They are more picturesque and romantic. They do things in a more colorful way, and they have that potent incitement to gossip—the inclination on the most ordinary matters to be mysterious. So, directly a woman rises above the horizon, in ever so shy and unpretending a manner, she becomes an object of general curiosity. And should she do so reckless a thing as to produce a book that contains revolutionary matter, then she suddenly is fraught with a dire and burning interest. The book is nothing in general importance to the woman behind it, who, in most cases, is pale and aghast at the row she has raised. In the clutch of an idea she has produced something that she timidly fancies may be of value, and the first thing she knows is that the public is clamoring to know if it is true that she spent last spring at the Keeley cure, and what about that story that she has had as many husbands as the Samaritan woman?

WHEN the world of waters was parted by the stroke of a mighty rod,
Her eyes were first of the lands of earth to look on the face of God;

The white mists robed and throned her, and the sun in his orbit wide
Bent down from his ultimate pathway and claimed her his chosen bride;
And he that had formed and dowered her with the dower of a royal queen,
Decreed her the strength of mighty hills, the peace of the plains between;
The silence of utmost desert, and canons rifted and riven,
And the music of wide-flung forests where strong winds shout to heaven.

Then high and apart He set her, and bade the grey seas guard,
And the lean sands clutching her garment's hem keep stern and solemn ward.
What dreams she knew as she waited! What strange keels touched her shore!
And feet went into the stillness, and returned to the sea no more.
They passed through her dream like shadows—till she woke one pregnant morn,
And watched Magellan's white-winged ships swing round the ice-bound Horn;
She thrilled to their masterful presage, those dauntless sails from afar,
And sighed as she leaned to the ocean till her face shone out like a star.

And men who toiled in the drudging hives of a world as flat as a floor
Thrilled in their souls to her laughter, and turned with hand to the door;
And creeds as hoary as Adam, and feud as old as Cain,
Fell deaf on the ear that harkened and caught that far refrain;
Into dungeons by light forgotten, and prisons of grim despair,
Hope came with the pale reflection of her star on the swooning air;
And the old, hedged, human whirlpool, with its seething misery,
Bursts through as a pent-up river breaks through to the healing sea.

Calling—calling—calling—resistless, imperative, strong—
Soldier, and priest, and dreamer—she drew them, a mighty throng.
The unmapped seas took tribute of many a dauntless band,
And many a brave hope measured but bleaching bones in the sand;
Yet for one that fell, a hundred sprang out to fill his place,
For death at her call was sweeter than life in a tamer race.
Sinew and bone she drew them; steel-thewed—and the weaklings shrank—
Grim-wrought of granite and iron were the men of her foremost rank.

Stern as the land before them, and strong as the waters crossed;
Men who had looked on the face of defeat nor counted the battle lost;
Uncrowned rulers and statesmen, shaping their daily need
To the law of brother with brother, till the world stood by to heed;
The sills of a greater empire they hewed and hammered and turned,
And the torch of a larger freedom from their blazing bill-tops burned;
Till the old ideals that led them grew dim as a childhood's dream,
And Caste went down in the balance, and Manhood stood supreme.

The wanderers of earth turned to her—outcast of the older lands—

With a promise and hope in their pleading, and she reached them pitying hands;
And she cried to the Old-World cities that drowse by the Eastern main;
"Send me your weary, house worn broods and I'll send you Men again!

Lo, here in my wind-swept reaches, by my marshalled peaks of snow,
Is room for a larger reaping than your o'er-tilled fields can grow;
Seed of the Man-Seed springing to stature and strength in my sun,
Free with a limitless freedom no battles of men have won."

For men, like the grain of the cornfields, grow small in the huddled crowd,
And weak for the breath of spaces where a soul may speak aloud;
For hills, like stairways to heaven, shaming the level track;
And sick with the clang of pavements and the marts of the trafficking pack.
Greatness is born of greatness, and breadth of a breadth profound;
The old Antæan fable of strength renewed from the ground
Was a human truth for the ages; since the hour of the Edenbirth
That man among men was strongest who stood with his feet on the earth!

Nations are men grown greater—with the course of their destinies
Fore-shaped in the womb that bore them to the ultimate fall or rise;
Doomed by a dull horizon, or damned by a tread-mill path
To sink into solid slumber, or trample the grapes of wrath:
But shamed by Her tameless grandeur, what soul could be mean and poor?
Upheld by Her lofty courage, what heart would fail to endure?
As the blood of the breast that suckled, the sons in their manhood are—
She has mothered a brood of lion's cubs, and they bear Her name afar.

From Out West, Los Angeles, Cal.



A NEW CHARTER FOR ST. LOUIS.

BY FREDERICK N. JUDSON.

(An address in the public lecture course of the Young Men's Christian Association, delivered February 13, 1902.)

THERE can be no better illustration of the far reaching changes in municipal life and conditions in the past twenty-seven years than is presented in the discussion of this question—"The Need of a New City Charter for St. Louis." The present city Charter was adopted in 1876, at the beginning of the last quarter of the Nineteenth Century, and it is substantially coeval with the present Constitution of Missouri, which went into effect on November 30, 1875.

Prior to the adoption of this Charter, the city of St. Louis was part of the county of St. Louis. The county court levied a tax for the support of the county government, and the city administration a tax for the municipal government. The City Charter was a legislative grant, subject to legislative control, and Charter changes were made at nearly every session of the General Assembly. The City Council then consisted of one house only, with two members from each of the thirteen city wards. This Council had full legislative power in street and other public improvements, there being then no Board of Public Improvements charged, as at present, with the initiative of such public improvements.

The new Charter was framed by a board of thirteen freeholders, appointed under the provisions of the State Constitution, and this board not only framed the Charter, but also the scheme of separation of the city from the county. It was composed of citizens all eminent for their ability and public spirit, including among them such men as Albert Todd, Col. James O. Broadhead, Silas Bent, Thomas T. Gantt, Judge Samuel Reber, of honored memory, our fellow townsman Gen. George H. Shields and M.

Dwight Collier, now a resident of New York and recently honored by Mayor Seth Low by appointment to the Board of Education of that city.

The adoption of the Scheme and Charter was a notable event, not only in the history of St. Louis, but in the development of municipal government in the United States. It was the first instance in this country of a self governing municipality with a Charter, framed by the citizens of the municipality directly authorized by the State Constitution, and the example has since been followed in other States.

The Charter was not only framed by citizens best qualified for that duty, but it represented the best political thought of that time. Its provisions cannot be understood except in the light of the conditions then prevailing. The primary purpose was to restrain the power of public officials, and also to check hasty, and secure deliberate action. It therefore provided an executive and two branches of the Municipal Assembly, and that was the model then generally adopted in municipal governments, as it was the form of Federal and State governments. The same theory pervaded the Constitution of 1875, which expressly provided that the new Charter should provide for an executive and two branches of the Municipal Assembly, one of which should be elected on general ticket.

As the Charter was originally adopted, the members of the Upper House of the Municipal Assembly, or City Council, were required to be freeholders, that is, holders of real estate. But this provision met with great opposition, and it was in effect repealed at the next session of the General Assembly, which passed a law, which is still on the statute books, providing that there should be no property qualification for office in any municipality in the State.

The same principle of limiting and restraining the powers of public officers was carried out in regard to the Chief Executive, the Mayor. His appointments required confirmation by the City Council; and he could not remove without cause. We have had a recent illustration of the exercise of the power under these conditions in the recent hearing of charges against one of the police justices.

The most notable feature of the Charter, however, one which has been copied in other States, and which has proven a great protection to the public, was in the establishment of the Board of Public Improvements, whose initiative was required in the case of any ordinance for opening streets or other public improvements. This removed one of the greatest abuses under the old order of things and assured the citizen of a public hearing before any ordinance could be introduced for a public improvement at his expense.

The scheme of separation, which was adopted with the Charter, brought with it great increase of the city limits, which before were bounded on the west by a line a little west of Grand avenue. The "New Limits," as they are called, were then sparsely settled, and for a time were subject to a reduced rate of taxation. The city assumed the county debt, amounting to over \$6,000,000, so that the new county of St. Louis started free from debt. The main arguments advanced in the city for the adoption of the Scheme and Charter were the reduction of taxation and the protection of the taxpayers by the limitation of the power of officials. The Scheme and Charter were stoutly opposed by the officials of the county organization and by certain city officials and contractors, and the election contest, which resulted in the declaration that the Scheme and Charter were duly adopted, forms an interesting chapter in local history.

But the experience of the past twenty-five years has shown that excessive legislation, whether in State Constitutions or city charters, obstruct development, especially in a growing State or city. Thus our State Constitution, which represented the best political thought of that time and is excellent in many of its provisions, has proven a veritable strait-jacket to the counties and growing towns of the State. Six amendments to the Constitution were adopted at the last election and as many more are to be voted upon at the next general election. Restrictions which seem wise at the time of their adoption, may prove utterly inadequate and obstructive twenty-five years later. The grown man cannot wear the clothes of the boy.

This fundamental principle could not be better illustrated than in the case of the City Charter. The St. Louis of 1876, for which the charter was prepared, is not the St. Louis of 1902. In 1876 the city's western limits were little west of Grand avenue. The St. Louis of 1876 had neither electric lights, telephones, electric cars nor city street

sprinkling; no public free library, great office buildings or trust companies. We heard nothing then about public ownership of public utilities or taxation of franchises, or of water filtration, or the germ theory of diseases or the scientific treatment of sewage. Not only has the city's population been more than doubled, but through rapid transit, it has been scattered over our vast area of sixty square miles, thus enormously increasing the burdens and expenses of municipal administration. Moreover, the higher standard of living, resulting from the economic changes of this period, necessitates increased expense in municipal administration. Thus our City Health Department, with its free dispensaries, is performing duties which were not dreamed of in 1876. We had an impressive illustration of this in the recent anti-toxine investigation.

Not only is the city of St. Louis now far different from that for which the Charter was made, but experience has demonstrated that not mere restraint upon public officials, but *power with concentration of responsibility*, is the best means of securing honest and efficient municipal government. We have seen that while one branch of the Municipal Assembly may check the other from enacting bad legislation, it may also produce a deadlock by preventing good legislation. Thus it is now the prevailing opinion, held by those who have given the most study to municipal questions, that the Mayor's power of appointment should not be subject to confirmation by the City Council; that he should have the power of removal, subject only to the requirement of stating his reasons therefor, and that the number of elective officers should be limited, so that the public may be convinced of the necessity of selecting a proper man for an office in charge of such responsibility.

The tremendous changes in economic conditions, which have fairly revolutionized city life, have hopelessly embarrassed our municipal finances, and Charter revision is imperatively demanded from this point of view. The city has levied, every year since the Charter was adopted, the maximum tax permitted for city purposes, one cent on the dollar. The establishment of the public library, which is paid for out of this city revenue, has so far reduced the city revenues available for city purposes, that is, by the application therefor of two cents out of the dollar of city tax. No relief could be found in issuing bonds, even for necessary public improvements, such as building the City Hall or bridges over the Mill Creek valley, because the city's debt, including the county debt, which was assumed in the adoption of the Scheme and Charter, exceeded the limit of five per cent of the city's valuation fixed by the Constitution for bonded indebtedness. The city's revenue is now some \$3,600,000 from this one cent tax, and \$1,400,000 from licences, nearly \$1,000,000 of the latter being from dramshop licences, thus making a total of some \$5,000,000. But nearly all of this revenue is absorbed in what may be termed fixed charges over which the city administration has really no discretionary control.

To make this clear, it should be borne in mind that while St. Louis has been called a self-governing city, it is still subject to the paramount authority of the State, and the State controls, as it has a right to control, the expenditure of even the moneys raised from city taxation, which are expended for objects in which, not merely the city, but the State has an interest. Thus the schools, which are supported from a separate tax, are under the control of the State, and not of the city. But the expenditures for the police, the protection of public peace, amounting, under the new police law, to \$1,600,000, is a charge upon the city's revenue. But other expenditures, though theoretically under the control of the city, are in reality, being for the necessary support of established public institutions, as certain as the fixed charges of a railroad in defraying its annual interest. Thus the cost of maintaining the courts and the city's eleemosynary institutions, the fire department, health department and street lighting, aggregates nearly \$3,000,000, thus absorbing, with the police, over \$4,500,000, and this exclusive of public improvements, parks, commissioner of public buildings, sewer construction, or any of the extraordinary expenses inevitable in a great city. I am informed by the City Comptroller that the amount of the ordinary current expenses for the current year exceeds the estimated revenue by \$648,000, exclusive of new work, and that if the needs of the city had been provided for in the necessary new work, such as sewer construction and opening of streets, the deficit would have amounted to \$1,218,000.

Even this amount of city revenue has been realized by

evading the Constitutional limitation upon the rate of taxation, by increasing the valuation of property in assessments for taxation. Thus while it is notorious that property in the State at large is not assessed at over thirty per cent, and some counties as low as twenty per cent of the real value, in the city of St. Louis the necessity for revenue has forced the assessors to value property as high as sixty and seventy per cent, and in some cases even higher. As the State tax is levied upon the same valuation, it follows that the taxpayer owning property in St. Louis is taxed twice as high for State purposes on his property as property outside of St. Louis is taxed.

Mr. Schnurmacher, the ex-City Counselor, whose experience is especially valuable in this matter, says that nearly every section of the Charter needs to be rewritten, and that seems to be the judgment of nearly every one who is familiar with city affairs. Mr. Player, the City Comptroller, says that the city's municipal revenue should be increased by at least a million dollars per annum and that this increase is absolutely necessary to meet the requirements of the departments economically administered.

It is true that the amendments to the Charter adopted in October last have relieved the city's paralysis in the matter of public work. But that is done by enabling the cost to be assessed against the property owners. There is no money, however, to pay the city's share of public improvements, and pending sewer construction, which is demanded for sanitary reasons, has been suspended on that account.

It is true that the recent Charter amendments have extended the city's taxing power to the full extent of the Constitutional limit and the city can now levy a tax for the erection of public buildings, if authorized by a two-thirds vote of the qualified voters. But it cannot make any further increase taxation, or issue bonds, without Constitutional authority.

Three Constitutional amendments are to be voted upon by the people of the State at the general election, next November, which relate solely to the city of St. Louis, and it is essential for the relief of the city's financial difficulties that all should be adopted. These provide: *first*, for the levy of the equivalent of a county tax, that is, thirty-five cents on the hundred dollars, the tax which would be levied if St. Louis was part of a county; *second*, another amendment authorizes an increase of the bond issue, by excluding the old county debt of some \$6,000,000, and the amount of bonds issued for the waterworks, \$5,800,000, from the computation of indebtedness with reference to the Constitutional limitation of five per cent upon the taxation valuation. The effect of this, if adopted, will be to authorize the issue of some \$7,000,000 for public improvements, in addition to the \$5,000,000 of World's Fair bonds. But these bonds can only be issued with the assent of two-thirds of the voters at an election held for that purpose. The city also will have power, with such assent of the voters, to issue bonds for the construction and improvement of waterworks, the interest whereon and the principal whereof is provided for from the income of the waterworks. *Third*, another amendment provides for a general Charter revision in the city. This provides: "The law-making authorities of such city may order an election by the qualified voters of such city of a board of thirteen freeholders of such city to prepare a new Charter for such city, which said Charter shall be in harmony with and subject to the Constitution and laws of such State and shall provide, among other things, for a chief executive and at least one house of legislation to be elected by general ticket. Said revised Charter shall be submitted to the qualified voters of such city at an election to be held not less than twenty or more than thirty days after the order therefor, and a majority of such qualified voters voting at such election ratify such Charter, then such Charter shall become the organic law of such city and sixty days thereafter shall take effect and supersede the Charter of such city and all special laws inconsistent therewith."

While all these Constitutional amendments ought to be adopted, the adoption of the last is essential to the revision of the city Charter. If it is not adopted, not only can no general Charter revision be had, but no amendment of any kind can be made in the Charter until October 1903, that is, not until the expiration of two years after the adoption of the last amendments, as the State Constitution now prohibits Charter amendments, except at intervals of two years.

But these are not the only amendments affecting the city of St. Louis. Another amendment provides for the increase of the school rate in cities of over one hundred

thousand inhabitants from forty to sixty cents on the hundred dollars. It is understood that this amendment was prepared at the instance of our Board of Education, and they say that the necessary school accommodations cannot be provided and the schools maintained at their present standard of efficiency without an increase of the school tax. It is useless to rail against this increased taxation, as we cannot have modern, fire-proof school houses and new High Schools in different parts of the city without paying for them. But this necessity for increased taxation is an illustration of the imperative demand for increased expenditures under present conditions in our cities. The city of Chicago was recently compelled to reduce teachers' salaries in order to keep the schools open until the end of the school year. We are not content to live as our fathers lived, nor are we content with the school houses in which the last generation was taught. Thus we can compare the school houses which were built in 1876, and with which we were then content, with the modern fire-proof school houses which public opinion demands to-day.

While relief is thus essential for the city's financial necessities it is true that Charter revision, to be effectual, requires the adoption of the other Constitutional amendments referred to. Public opinion, therefore, not only in the city, but in the State, must be enlightened on this subject, as the whole State must vote upon the question of the adoption of all these amendments.

Legislative co-operation, also, is necessary for the city's relief. It has been held that the General Assembly has the power to determine what sum should be appropriated from the city revenues for the maintenance of the public peace,—the support of the police. While this decision is doubtless correct in law, it is none the less true that the city's financial needs and resources should be considered in the determination of legislative policy involving the appropriation of its revenues.

But when the city administration was conducted in the interest of one political machine, the temptation was irresistible to organize the police force into another and competing machine. Relief can only be secured by considering the question from the standpoint of the city's needs as a business question, and it is to be hoped that the present city administration, if necessary, for the financial relief of the city, can make an effective appeal to the General Assembly on that basis.

This suggests what is, to my mind, one of the most important reasons for Charter revision, and that is the adoption of the merit, as distinguished from the spoils system in all departments. When this is done as to the municipal departments, there will be no reason or pretext for maintaining the police department on a basis of expense out of proportion to the city's resources and requirements.

It has been argued that municipal government is a political and not a business question. In one sense this is true. Any government is political which rests upon popular suffrage, and the city is a governmental agent, as well as an organization for satisfying local needs. It is none the less true, however, that in its great work of satisfying local needs, the business departments of the municipality must be conducted on business principles to ensure efficiency.

We have recently had in St. Louis impressive illustrations of this fundamental necessity of business efficiency in municipal administration. Our city Health Department has been engaged in a protracted investigation to fix responsibility for carelessness in the distribution of an anti-toxin remedy for diphtheria, the death of ten children resulting from this carelessness. Eighteen lives, including seven firemen, have been lost in recent fires in the city, and we are told by coroner's juries that this loss of life is due to the imperfect administration of the building laws. It is said that our water supply is in danger of contamination, and three non-resident experts have been employed to examine the subject and propose a remedy, and they are unable to agree upon a report. Can there be any question that we want the highest degree of business efficiency in such matters relating to the lives and health of our families?

Charter revision is therefore required, first, for the establishment of the merit system in all departments of the city government, thus removing at once the sources of inefficiency and corruption, and making positions in the public service of the city dependent, not upon the favor and support of any politician, but upon merit alone. This merit

system was included in the amendments prepared several years since by the Charter Commission, and it was in response to the demand of over 50,000 citizens. It was stricken out, however, in the Municipal Assembly before the amendments were submitted to the people.

But we are having now another impressive object-lesson in municipal government. Now a second Grand Jury is investigating the corruption which is reported to have tainted many of the franchises which have been granted by the city in recent years. While the prosecuting-attorney is doing his full duty and should be cordially supported by public opinion in bringing to justice all offenders, we must, if possible, remove the source of this corruption, and this is the necessary outgrowth of the power of the Municipal Assembly to grant franchises for private favor. It is the spoils system in another form. If public employment is to be treated as private patronage to be exercised for the benefit of those who hold public office, and not as a trust for the public good, why should not public franchises be distributed for the benefit of those who have the power of distribution? The trusteeship of public office should be enforced both as to public offices and public franchises.

The second great remedy, therefore, for removing existing evils is the divesting of the Municipal Assembly of any power to grant public franchises for private favor. This can be effected by requiring the sale of franchises to the highest bidder, after the judicial ascertainment of the necessity for such grant. The granting of switch connections or occupancy of sidewalk space, or other privileges in public property, should be so regulated as to be granted on the payment of fixed charges therefor.

The establishment of the Board of Public Improvements removed the sources of corruption which existed under the old Charter in the opening and improvement of streets and in other public improvements. This same principle could be extended by taking away from the municipal assembly the initiative in granting any public franchises, thus substituting the rule of competition for that of private favor. This would remove the sources of corruption which is bringing dishonor upon the city.

In the coming World's Fair, the city of St. Louis will be the greatest of all the exhibits which our visitors will study. The conditions of municipal government are now studied as they never were studied before. It is fortunate that we have in St. Louis, in the organization of our public schools and Board of Education, a system which is properly taken as a model in other cities, and indeed embodies the essential principles of municipal reform. Here we have fifteen hundred public employes, appointed and promoted on the score of merit alone, the expenditure annually of over \$1,500,000 of public money, with no suspicion of jobbery, the details of the system conducted by trained and expert officials, appointed nominally for fixed terms, but really during good behavior, and the whole system supervised by a board of citizens selected by both parties on a non-partisan basis, and serving without compensation.

Why is it that we cannot be equally proud of our government at the City Hall? If \$1,500,000 of school money can thus be expended, why not the \$5,000,000 of the city's money?

Much is now said as to the extension of the activities of municipal governments, the administration and public ownership of public franchises, the establishment of public baths and recreation grounds, the beautifying of the city through "civil improvement," the extension of the city health department, and so on. But it is useless to discuss these, unless we can remove the restrictions of the present Charter and adopt a Charter adapted to the present and progressive conditions of municipal life, whereunder public opinion can be effective to secure efficient and honest government. We are fortunate now in having a Mayor of intelligence, uprightness and devoted public spirit, and we know that a number of men are giving their time to the public service at serious personal sacrifice. The fact that such men are in the public service is one of the strongest reasons why public opinion should realize the necessity of the Constitutional and Charter changes so that their services may be made effective. But we must never forget that no good government can be secured, under any conditions, unless supported by intelligent and alert public opinion.

The government of municipalities by universal suffrage

has been said to be the final test of democracy. In the press of modern life, with its intense competitions, men are naturally more interested with events occurring in the history of the nation at large, or in the great drama of the world's history, than in what may seem the petty details of municipal administration. But it is the latter which have the direct and immediate bearing upon the health, lives and happiness of the great masses of the people who live in our large cities. It is only the few in our cities who can fly from the evils of municipal misgovernment; the many must endure them, or cure them.

THE LESSON OF VENUS.

RALSTON STANDISH had been brought up on what Rudyard Kipling has called "The Sheltered Life" system, and never having been to a public school, he found when he went to Yale that his outlook on life was very different from that of the men of his year. Nevertheless he soon became friendly enough with them and he was regarded as "a good sort" even if he was a bit "straight-laced." When college was over and he began his career he was still classed by the gay twentieth century youths as being thoroughly unsophisticated and a long way from being up-to-date. For this reason none of them could understand the friendship that existed between him and Jack Blades, the gayest rounder of their set. Yet the two seemed to find solace in each other whenever they met.

It was Jack Blades who persuaded Standish to go to the Trocadero and the after supper, the night of beautiful Sapho Delorme's premier. He protested at first and declared that that sort of thing wasn't in his line and they could easily fill in with some other man who enjoyed such scenes and company. But for some reason Jack had his heart set on the programme. "Come along, old man," he urged, "Blazdell is giving the supper and he's going to be married next month, you know, so everything's bound to be strictly proper. Miss Delorme is coming with her chaperon. I'll give a bond she'll be as quiet as the directress of a girl's boarding school."

So Standish consented, but the sight he saw at the Trocadero was anything but a guarantee that the supper would be a quiet affair. Sapho Delorme was the first woman to win a second glance from Ralston Standish; it was the glance of aroused interest. Perhaps the reports he had read in the papers of her alluring career had something to do with this. The two men had a box opposite the prompt side of the stage and saw her as she came into her dressing room. The arrangements were such that all the boxes on that side commanded a full view of it. And like all the others they saw her with the assistance of her smartly-attired maid proceed leisurely to unrobe and then, with the utmost nonchalance, trip up the steps of a raised pedestal on which stood a gigantic gilded oyster shell waiting to receive her in the character of Aphrodite Anadyomene, or Venus rising from the Foam. She stood there smiling calmly as the curtain rolled down on this first of her famous tableaux vivants.

Standish went to the supper somewhat stunned. Very much to his surprise it proved to be a festive but strictly proper affair. Miss Delorme was attired in an evening gown which was a model of decorum and her behavior would not have been out of place in a model drawing-room. He sat next her and marveled at the change that had come over her. On her part she found his guileless simplicity a refreshing change from the gay sparks who thought brightness meant badness. Her duenna, who was a real chaperon and not the bogus figure-head trotted about by some stars, was likewise much impressed with his "nice" ways. So when he timidly inquired if he might call in the near future they unhesitatingly said "Yes."

As Jack and Standish were standing on the sidewalk after seeing Miss Delorme and her chaperon into their carriage, the irrepressible Blades slapped Ralston on the back, and gleefully remarked. "Jove, old chap, you're it. Everybody's talking of the bit you've made with her. She's always so stand-offish at these suppers. How did you do it?"

"Go slow, Jack," said Standish, "you fellows are mistaken in her, that's all. She's really a nice girl at heart and she's a heap too good to be forced to exhibit herself as she does."

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"Maybe so, but she gets a thumping big salary for it, just the same."

"Then she ought to learn to spend some of it on her clothes. But I suppose she was educated to think of that life as her profession and she doesn't see the dreadfulness of it at all. But she's a lady at heart." And he hailed a cab and went home.

"I wonder if that was the wealthy Ralston Standish that I've read of in the papers?" remarked the duenna to Miss Delorme, as they were being driven homeward.

"Yes," was the reply. "I think it is. He's quite different from the others, isn't he? I fancy he doesn't quite approve of me, or of my costumes in the tableaux. Perhaps he thinks I ought to wear an extra coat of paint."

"Or more skirts," added the duenna, "and he's right."

Miss Delorme laughed. This question of the amount of covering was the subject of constant dispute between them, so she murmured softly:

"The ancient actors wore no clothes
But a dab of red on the tip of the nose."

The following day Standish called on Miss Delorme. He found her so happy and domesticated that it seemed almost impossible to believe she was the same person who appeared nightly to public view as the much talked of "Paint and Garter Venus." On her part she discovered he was not the goody-goody young man she had fancied him. By the time the excellent tea she set before him was over, they were a long way on the road to becoming fast friends.

These calls had been going on for some weeks before the fact leaked out among Standish's friends. Dick was delighted with the way Ralston was "getting on." "He's all right," he said to Blazdell, "he'll be a Suburban winner yet."

"Why, I thought he was supposed to be engaged to that rich Susan Tavish, who is doing so much tenement work, or slum work, or some such thing."

"Not a bit of it; it was a hard crush once, but now that he's smashed on Sapho, I suppose that's all off."

"You don't think Venus will win against Minerva if Standish is the judge, do you? Why, he's almost in Minerva's class in piety."

"Four to one on Venus," was the laughing reply.

Meanwhile, Miss Delorme was becoming more and more interested in her conscientious admirer.

"He's very wealthy, and you really might do worse, my dear," one day hazarded the duenna. She received a reply that almost snapped her head off, and murmured to herself, "Why, upon my word, I do believe the girl is really falling in love with him."

As for Standish, he was sublimely unconscious of the

way his friends were discussing his intimacy with Miss Delorme. It certainly never occurred to him that the latter looked on him as anything but an ordinary acquaintance. He never told her of his new life, but he used to go to the Trocadero almost every night and gradually he became accustomed to seeing her in scant stage attire. The place didn't seem to be so dreadful, after all.

One day when he called on her she found him in an unusually melancholy and sentimental mood. She made tea exactly to his taste, as she had adroitly learned, and when he was comfortably settled in the big arm chair, she sympathetically said, "Tell me all about it."

So encouraged by the tea, and the genial surroundings and her kindly manner, he confessed that a girl was the cause of it all.

"Some one you care for very much?" she asked.

"She's all the world to me," he confessed, looking at her with luminous eyes. "I sometimes think she regards me as a perfect idiot because I don't know life as she knows it; because I don't approve of everything she does."

"And have you told her of your love?"

"No, not exactly; but I fancy she may guess it. I hope so, anyway."

"Have you asked her to give up the things you disapprove of?"

"Well, no; but she knows what they are; she's bright and don't require such notice."

Then he swallowed a big, lugubrious sigh and tore himself away from the inviting surroundings. But the conversation seemed to have done him good and he looked more cheerful.

Left alone, Miss Delorme went to a bureau drawer and drew out a big envelope which had arrived from abroad that morning. When the duenna came into the room half an hour later she was still wrapped up in its contents. "Well, my dear," said the duenna, "have you made up your mind about that manager's offer? How much is it a week?"

"Five hundred dollars."

"Bless me, that's nearly twice what you're getting here. You must be out of your senses not to snap at it."

"Perhaps; but I'm going to refuse it, just the same. I'm going to give up the tableau business."

The duenna threw up her hands. Then she seemed to comprehend. "May I congratulate you, dear?" she said.

"Oh, no—at least, not yet," said Miss Delorme, with a show of color.

Next day she paid particular attention to her toilet. Then she sat dreaming till a certain ring at the bell brought the color again to her cheeks. Standish came in looking bright and happy.

"Why, Ralston," she said, "how you've cheered up!"

"Why shouldn't I?" he exclaimed, with animation.

"She loves me," and he looked at her joyfully.

"How did you find it out?" she asked playfully.

"Why, I took your advice: I asked her."

"Asked her—when—how? What's her name?"

"Sue Tavish; you must have heard of her. She's the girl who has been doing such wonderful settlement work."

"I—I—yes, of course, I've heard of her." And she congratulated him.

Soon after he had gone the curious duenna found Miss Delorme again absorbed in the contents of the big envelope. "I thought you wrote them a refusal, this morning," she said.

"Yes, I did," replied the famous Venus, "but man proposes and—not always to the right girl. I'm just writing them a cable to cancel my letter and send me the contract."

From San Francisco Town Talk.

AGATHA.

HER touch no passionate pulse of bliss
Within me stirs;
One mouth could slay me with a kiss:
It is not hers.

And yet, I think, did all my part
So badly end
That to unlock a breaking heart
I sought one friend,

(So heavily may our sorrows need
To be confessed),
The altar where my sins should plead
Would be—her breast.

Then in her hands would solace be,
And in her eyes
Cool peace, and the serenity
Of comfort wise.

So when the eyes of gaunt Despair
Blaze on my own,
Let me my hour of torment bear
With her alone;

Till on my icy brow her breath
Shall make me seem
To have encompass'd e'en in Death,
A gracious dream.

WORLD'S FAIR MONEY-MUCKERS.

To the Editor of the Mirror:

Last week you printed a letter in the MIRROR in defensive reply to a previous letter, criticizing a gentleman of prominence in World's Fair matters who was called "Red Bill." I am a subscriber to the World's Fair and while I have nothing to say either in objection to or excuse for the manner and method of "Red Bill," whoever that may be, there was a tone in the defense of that gentleman, as published by you, to which I would take the most strenuous exception.

That tone was the tone of money. Money, money, money! The whole letter reeked with it. Of course the word wasn't used, but that was the inference. The people, the defender maintained, should sit down calmly and accept everything done in connection with the World's Fair as right, solely because the men at the head of the enterprise were "successful business men." The defender of "Red Bill" openly said that the gentleman was wise in recognizing men's personal interests in order to keep the World's Fair going. That is right as far as it goes, but the personal interests recognized are the interests of a very few, and they are recognized in such a way that the general interest in the Fair seems to be neglected. The personal interests of a few are too well taken care of in the matter of the selections of relatives of the few for salaried subordinate positions in connection with the Fair. The personal interests of the few are so well taken care of that the Fair seems to be an enterprise of the few and not of the many whose subscriptions and taxes go to make up the greater part of the capital upon which the Fair is to be held.

The defender further says: "The World's Fair at Chicago was directed by successful business men, and there was an almost absolute lack of men from the professions. The Board of Directors here is composed of a like class, and fittingly. The enterprise, while new to everybody, must be run in channels along which success in other fields has been gained, and there is neither time nor desire for the experimenter, be he more cultivated in the gentler arts."

Because a man is not a successful business man he isn't fit for anything. Men from the professions are no good. They can't have ideas, because they haven't got money. Cultivation in the gentler arts doesn't count in an enterprise that must be largely an expression of the gentler arts. The man who understands beauty in architecture or landscape gardening or painting, who has poetry in his soul or feeling in his heart, is not to be consulted. Culture of the mildest sort seems to be a thing as much to be avoided as small-pox. The Exposition must be run in channels in which success has been gained in other fields. How delightful! We are to have a beautiful World's Fair and it is to be produced by moneyed men alone, simply because a man who can make money can make anything. Why doesn't "Red Bill" write a Mozartian mass? He can make money; why not write music? Why can't the men who have made money, paint pictures, or chisel out sculptures, or write poems. If they could pile up fortunes why can't they do anything else? That is the argument of absolute asininity. A World's Fair must be run like a dry goods store, a plumber's shop, a pork-packing establishment. All that is wanted is something that can be got for money. That a man, or a set of men, should, by means of cultivation, know what they want in the way

of a picture at the World's Fair is ridiculous. The art lover, the man familiar with great architecture, the person who has any idea concerning a World's Fair that is not expressible in dollars and cents is not to have anything to say. If he says it, he is sat down upon hard. Business success makes a man infallible in everything. All us folks who haven't made a business success must "go 'way back and sit down." If we've read anything, seen anything, thought anything, dreamed anything we're so much worse off. What we ought to have done is made a business success, and then all culture would have come to us naturally.

The defender of the World's Fair crowd should not have written quite so much as he did to lay himself open to the crushing rejoinder the MIRROR tacked on to his letter. He had been much more effective and honest if he had just copied and sent to the MIRROR two little verses by S. E. Kiser, recently published in the Chicago Record-Herald and copied all over the country, except in St. Louis. The verses are as follows:

He eats potatoes with his knife,
He speaks of "the old woman" when
He makes a reference to his wife,
But he receives salutes from men
Who have no time to notice me;
His speech is rude and rough, he's cut
From coarse material, and he
Has done the world no service—but
He's making money.

Art is to him an empty word,
To him the bard is but a jest;
No graceful sonnet ever stirred
Responsive chords within his breast;
With elbows squared he crowds along,
All ignorant of culture's laws,
And gentle people in the throng
Stand back and bow to him—because
He's making money.

That's the stuff! That's the attitude of the man who wrote the letter published in the MIRROR last week. That's the philosophy, I take it, of the whole World's Fair gang, with few exceptions.

Respectfully,
Small Subscriber.

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Forty children, not one of whom is over fourteen years old, will present the pretty opera, "H. M. S. Pinafore," at Lemp's Park Hall, February 24, 28 and March 4, 7, 11 and 14th, for the benefit of the widows and children of the firemen who lost their lives while faithfully performing their duty. The children have been carefully coached and the performances should be well attended. They are given in the furtherance of a good cause and the little ones' efforts to help the needy should be crowned with success. Your patronage will assist financially and be the cause of engendering the most commendable of attributes—charity.

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SOCIETY.

Mermod & Jaccard's, Broadway and Locust.
Mrs. Louis Mullgardt is visiting her father in Chicago.

Miss Mary Kennard is at home after a long visit East.

Mrs. and Mrs. A. L. Bannantine have gone to Old Mexico.

Mr. and Mrs. George Von Schrader are at Palm Beach.

Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Bryan are at the Grand avenue Hotel.

Mrs. Alexander Niedringhaus has gone East for a short trip.

Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Udell leave this week for a Southern trip.

Miss Alice Morton has returned from a visit to Eastern friends.

Miss Burley, of Chicago, is the guest of Miss Margaret Blodgett.

Miss Dula will remain with friends at Coronado Beach until Easter.

Miss Florence Powell leaves this week to visit friends in Alabama.

Miss Julia Knapp has returned from a visit to Philadelphia friends.

Mrs. Wm. B. Thompson and the Misses Thompson are in California.

Mrs. Mary Polk Winn and Master Branch Winn are visiting in Louisiana.

Mr. and Mrs. Walker Evans are receiving congratulations on the advent of a daughter.

Mrs. George P. B. Jackson has gone to visit Senator and Mrs. Vest, in Washington, D. C.

Miss Elith Collins and Miss Bliss, of New York, left last Thursday, for Asheville, N. C.

Judge and Mrs. Leroy Valliant, accompanied by Mrs. R. K. Walker, are at Pass Christian.

Miss Ethel Niedringhaus is with friends in California and later will make a Mexican tour.

Mrs. Shepherd Cabanne is visiting Captain and Mrs. George W. Goode, in Springfield, Mo.

Mrs. George S. McGrew entertained the members of her German Class, on Wednesday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Morton Jourdan, entertained Judge and Mrs. Gantt, of Jefferson City, Mo., last week.

The Acephalous Euchre Club was entertained, on Monday, at the home of Mrs. Arthur Garesche.

A wedding, which will take in March, is that of Miss Harriett Fry and Mr. Wallace Montagu, of Chicago.

Miss Harriett Whyte, of Kirkwood, is visiting her sister, Mrs. James Copping Cotter, in Indianapolis.

Mrs. Mary Hogan Ludlum has sent out invitations for an interpretive reading of "Enoch Arden," on Tuesday evening, March 4, at the Odeon.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Michel, of Cincinnati, Ohio, are receiving congratulations over the recent advent of a daughter. Mrs. Michel was Miss Von Phul.

Announcement is made of the engagement of Dr. Thomas W. O'Reilly and Miss Blanche Hay, of Saginaw, Mich. The wedding will take place at the bride's home, in Saginaw, on March 5th. The present bride-elect is a sister of the doctor's first wife. After a Western and Southern bridal tour the young couple will return here to live about April 1st.

Friends in St. Louis have received the announcement of the engagement and approaching marriage of Lieut. Creighton Churchill, of this city, and Miss Sarah Stevens Newton, of Sault St. Marie, where Lieut. Churchill is stationed at the government works. The wedding will take place April 2nd, and a part of the honeymoon will be spent in St. Louis, when they will be entertained by Mrs. H. M. Dix, a sister of Lieut. Churchill.

Mrs. Ferd P. Kaiser, of "The Poplars," in Cabanne, entertained, on Saturday last, with a George Washington euchre, which was a great success. The affair was in honor of Mrs. T. J. Caie, of Cincinnati, Ohio, who is visiting Mrs. Kaiser. Misses Florence and Laura Kaiser, gowned in Martha Washington style, served punch. Mrs. Thomas Rodgers won first prize, a gold glass vase, and Mrs. Caie the guest prize, also a handsome piece of gold glass. Mrs. Richard Barrett was awarded the consolation prize.

Among the ladies present were, Mesdames I. G. W. Steedman, Ellen King, Richard Barrett, Dan C. Nugent, J. M. Bryson, Herman Luyties, H. G. Noel, Thomas Rodgers, Silas Wright, Charles Francis, F. O. Sawyer, Paul Brown, J. W. Hall, R. K. Walker, A. B. Bowman, R. A. Mills, N. F. Niederlander, Casey Witherspoon, A. G. Haynes, E. H. Garrett, William Ehlers, J. W. Nute, G. P. Holmes, Minerva Carr.

MRS. FISKE'S PLAYS.

The appearance of Mrs. Fiske at the Grand next week will be welcomed by St. Louis theatergoers, by whom this distinguished actress and plucky woman has always been held in the high esteem that is her due. And St. Louis, too, feels a personal pride in the fact that Mrs. Fiske is a St. Louisan. The opportunity to see so admirable an actress is one not to be missed, and Mrs. Fiske will undoubtedly draw crowded houses all this week. She brings this season a varied and interesting repertoire of four plays, in none of which has she been seen here before. Two of the plays are new this season, while the remaining two have held for some time an important place in Mrs. Fiske's list of successes. "The Unwelcome Mrs. Hatch," by Mrs. Burton Harrison, is a strong drama of New York society life of to-day. Its theme, which cannot fail to appeal to every heart, is the love of a mother for her child. Mrs. Harrison's recognized talents as a writer are a guarantee of the literary quality of the play, and her own social position has given her particular advantages in depicting the life of the cultured classes. Contrasting with this life there are introduced characters from the poorer sections of the city. With the pathetic story that forms the main thread of the plot there are interwoven brighter and more animated scenes that give color and variety to the play. Mrs. Fiske has never had, she says, a role more to her liking than that of *Marian Lorimer* ("Mrs. Hatch") and with her wonderful art she has made the role a beautiful picture of devoted motherhood. More than this, it is a picture of an impulsive, loving, noble woman, brave through adversity, and rising superior to the keenest agony.

"A Bit of Old Chelsea," by Mrs. Oscar Beringer, that follows "The Unwelcome Mrs. Hatch" on the bill, is a delightful little one-act comedy, rich in quaint humor and delicate pathos. Mrs. Fiske's role is that of a waif of the London East End, a flower-girl, who is rescued from a storm by a kindly artist who takes her to his studio and shelters her. As played by Mrs. Fiske this role is a veritable gem of art.

The other plays of the repertoire will be Anne Crawford Flexner's drama, "Miranda," to be acted on Wednesday evening, and Sardou's comedy, "Divorcons," on Thursday evening. "Miranda" was produced by Mrs. Fiske as the opening attraction this season at her New York theatre, the Manhattan. It tells a story of unusual heart-interest and is diversified in environment, the action passing in England, Spain and Algiers. Mrs. Fiske makes of the title role a sympathetic and most artistic figure. As *Cyprienne*, the frivolous heroine of Sardou's "Divorcons," Mrs. Fiske has won a notable success, and she gives a delightful interpretation of the famous character.

Mrs. Fiske's Company is made up, as usual, of a carefully selected list of players. Among its prominent members are Robert Haines, Annie Ward Tiffany, Brandon Hurst and Eleanor Morretti. It is needless to say that in the staging and costuming of the plays, no detail that might contribute to artistic completeness has been neglected.

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AT THE ART MUSEUM.

The collections of Japanese Paintings and Color Prints, Drawings for Illustration in Outline and Color by Miss Ostertag and street scenes by Mr. Fleury, which, at present, are on view in the galleries of the Museum of Fine Arts, are interesting not only for their individual artistic excellence, but equally as a collective exhibit showing the source of the decorative spirit so apparent in almost all the work of contemporary artists. One can study not only the original work of Japanese artists covering a period of the last three hundred years, but, in the group of eighty-six modern color prints, can see the unfortunate effect of the art of the Occident upon that of the Orient, in the attempt to introduce perspective,—of which the artists have no comprehension,—the less refined color arrangement and the attempt to compose pictures by men who were,—and apparently always will be, decorators.

On the other hand the work of Miss Ostertag, both in her posters and the drawings for the book "Old Songs for Young America," shows how the West has profited by studying the Japanese in their appreciation of pure line and flat color-printing. Mr. Fleury has handled a seemingly prosaic subject—Chicago street scenes,—in a rarely poetic and decorative manner, and his work is another powerful argument in favor of American landscape by American artists. The collection will remain on view until March 3rd.

Patent leather shoes and boots, when they are fresh and new, should be wiped over after every wearing and put away in some place, secure from dust, where the air is neither too hot nor too cold. When the shoes begin to show signs of wear they should be wiped over with a sponge and warm water, and, after being carefully dried, should be brushed over lightly with patent leather varnish sold for the purpose. Never put patent leather near the fire, for the heat is very likely to crack it. And when you buy shoes, buy them at Swope's, 311 N. Broadway, U. S. A. There they're best.

Mrs. Brown: "You have no excuse for coming in at this time of night." Mr. Brown: "Haven't I? What d'y'e s'pose I've been standing round the corner this last half-hour thinking of, then?"

WANTED JUST SUCH A MEMORIAL.

One pleasant day last fall so the story goes, President Hadley of Yale was strolling through the beautiful campus of Dartmouth college with his wife on his arm. They were admiring the beautiful buildings which dot the campus, several of them having been erected by wealthy alumni. Presently they came to an especially noble hall, built of stone and occupying a commanding site. Over the main entrance was a marble tablet, which announced that the hall had been erected by "John C. Blank, as a memorial to His Beloved Wife."

President Hadley stood and looked at the noble pile for a moment. Then he heaved a sigh that was almost envious.

"Ah," he said, "that is what I should like to do for my college."

And to this day, the boys declare, President Hadley cannot understand why his wife should have looked so horrified.

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NEW BOOKS.

"My Strangest Case," a detective story by John Boothby, is, for the most part, much the same as the average run of narratives exploiting "sleuth-hound" sagacity. (L. C. Page & Company, publishers, Boston.)

"Aunt Nabby's Children," by Frances Hodges White, is one of the quaintest and daintiest of stories imaginable. There are passages of pathos, descriptive passages the beauty of which cannot be gainsaid. Nor does the author lack wit. *Aunt Nabby's* conception of a girl in short skirts, effecting the military extension waist, riding on a wheel, is most comical. The tale introduces the reader to some delightful little people.

"A Little Puritan Pioneer," by Edith Robinson, is a legend of the Shawmut Wizard who occupied, in olden times, the site where Boston now stands. It is a readable volume, if not one of distinction.

"Peggy's Trial," by Mary Knight Potter, recounting a little girl's woe over the thought of having to have a step-mother, and "Betty of Old Mackinaw," by Frances Margaret Fox, telling of a very spirited, but somewhat naughty little girl's adventures, are two fairly good juvenile books. The stories are of the "Cosy Corner" series and bear the imprint of L. C. Page & Company, Boston.)

"The Lovely Mrs. Pemberton," by Florence Warden, is a cleverly written, pleasingly wholesome society story. The numerous distinctions that differentiate the life of the country people from that of the dwellers in a provincial town are utilized to form an interesting background. The heroine is not a creature of impossible characteristics but very human, a person possessed of no prominent idiosyncracies, only virtues and failings and vanities such as might be attributed to any young woman not inherently wicked. There is no fine writing attempted and the situations are all within the bounds of reason. (F. M. Buckles & Co., publishers, New York. Price, \$1.25.)

"The Pagan's Cup," by Fergus Hume, is a story of rather complicated plot. The theme is old; the setting ditto. Narratives of the same sort, with possibly a few variations, have been on the market for years. (G. W. Dillingham & Co., publishers, New York.)

"The Role of the Unconquered," a romance of the courtship of Henry of Navarre and Maria de Medici, is told with a brisk swing. The plots and counter-plots, the villainies and love intrigues are copiously told. The King is a sort of demi-god, but that is for the public that likes its literature "neat." The villain meets a horrible death and the termination is in the old-fashioned strain. The author, Mr. Test Dalton, is to be congratulated upon his ability to pile up incidents till they bewilder the reader. (G. W. Dillingham & Co., publishers, New York.)

Wedding invitations, in correct forms, at Mermod & Jaccard's, Broadway and Locust. 100 fine calling cards and engraved copper plate; \$1.50; 100 cards from your plate, \$1.00.

MUSIC.

ABOUT LAST WEEK'S CONCERTS.

There were four given at the Odeon—all semi-private affairs, excepting the Choral Symphony Concert.

The Morning Choral Club held forth on Tuesday evening. The hall was full—associate members and their guests filled the first floor, while the members of Mrs. Blair's free singing class packed the balcony.

The work of the club was proof against even the captiousness of an invited audience. The tone quality of this chorus was even better than in former years—rounder, more ringing, firmer and at the same time more plastic—a true choral quality, effective in *forte* passages and capable of full far-reaching *pianissimo* effects. The club, always noted for the quality of its voices, is richer than ever this year both in the quality and quantity of its material, and the associate membership has swelled proportionately with the list of active members. Decidedly, the Morning Choral has "arrived."

The numbers sung by the club at this concert were of a higher order of choral composition than those usually selected—a sop to Mr. Kroeger's musical conservatism, no doubt—and were all of a serious nature. Some pretty triviality in the way of a gay choral waltz would have given the programme a needed touch of color. Saint Saens "Night" was the principal novelty. It is an attractive, highly original, four part chorus, containing a florid soprano solo with flute obligato.

Miss Sara Anderson was the soloist. She had a cold, but sang effectively nevertheless and looked very handsome in a youthful, Brunhilde way.

CASTLE SQUARE COMING.


Next Sunday evening the Castle Square Opera Company returns to its own in St. Louis, and inaugurates at the Century Theatre a seven weeks' season of exclusively "Grand" opera in English. During two previous engagements in this city the Castle Square management has, by a knack of keeping its promises, inspired much confidence as to the value of its assurances. The experimental innovation of Sunday evening opera, will be watched with much interest. Dignified musical entertainment has not heretofore been provided for that element of St. Louis music lovers who attend the theatre on the Sabbath and the success of the present Castle Square enterprise may determine a permanent Sunday evening opera in this city. The repertoire for the first week of the Castle Square season is an interesting one. It embraces "Il Trovatore" and "Carmen." In "Il Trovatore," which will be heard on Sunday, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday evenings and at the Wednesday matinee, Mr. Joseph F. Sheehan will be heard as *Monrico*, Mr. Winfred Goff as the *Count Di Luna*, Mr. Francis J. Boyle as *Ferrando* and Mr. George Tennery as *Ruiz*. Misses Adelaide Norwood and Gertrude Rennyson will divide the role of *Leonora*. Miss Maude Ramey will sing the part of *Inez* and Misses Ivell and DuFre, two handsome young new-comers, will disguise their good looks in the part of *Azucena*, the Gipsy hag. On Monday, Wednesday and Friday evening and at the

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Saturday matinee, "Carmen" will be given with Miss Josephine Ludwig, a brilliant young St. Louis singer, to be heard here for the first time in the title role, in which she made an emphatic success during the New York and Chicago engagements of the Castle Square Company. Miss Gerturde Rennyson will lend her sympathetic voice to the role of *Michaela*, Miss Maude Ramey will be the *Frasquita*, and Miss Ivell the *Mercedes* of the week. Mr. E. A. Clark will be the *Escamillo*, Mr. Miro Delamotta the *Don Jose*, Mr. F. J. Boyle the *Zuniga*, and Mr. Francis Carrier the *Moreales*. The frequently neglected roles of *Dancaro* and *Remendado*, will be entrusted to J. Parker Coombs and Frank Ranney—two capital comedians. The Castle Square orchestra, under the direction of Chevalier Emanuel, will support the artists and the great singing chorus, under the direction of Stage Manager E. P. Temple, will be features of each performance. Carriages may be ordered for 10.30.

THOMAS CONCERTS.

Great interest is already being manifested in the two concerts to be given next week, Friday and Saturday, at the Odeon, by Mr. Thomas and his remarkable orchestra. The Thomas orchestra is an aggregation of solo artists, each individual player being capable of performing the most difficult solo work written for his instrument. For his Chicago concerts Mr. Thomas frequently selects some one of his men as the soloist and performs a concerto by one of the great composers in a manner that excites enthusiastic applause on the part of the audience. Mr. Carl Brueckner, one of the 'cellists, will be one of the soloists next week. He has frequently appeared in this capacity with the Chicago orchestra and always with success. The Chicago papers speak of him as a master of his instrument, and is the possessor of a fine, noble tone and a perfect technique.

Mr. Brueckner is from Quedlinburg, Germany. His musical education started in early childhood under the guidance of his father, a noted musician, and was completed under the tuition of the great teacher, Fr. Prutzmacher. In 1893 he joined the Chicago Orchestra. It is not strange that an orchestra made up of such artists as this should be equal to any in the world. Besides Mr. Brueckner, Mr. Leopold Kramer, violinist and concert-meister, will appear in solo numbers. It will be remembered that Mr. Kramer was heard in a concerto last year and achieved a most distinct success. He is one of the finest violinists ever heard in St. Louis.

INNES.

Innes and his Band begin a brief engagement at the Odeon, on Saturday evening, playing two concerts on Sunday (matinee and night). On the Saturday evening programme are the "Bach-Gounod," "Ave Maria," "The Dance Macabre" (Saint Saens), the "Angel's Serenade" by the famous cellist, Sig. Braga, which Signora Borghi will present as a vocal solo and the *piece de resistance* is the scenes from "Lucia di Lammermoor. This introduces Mr. Innes' entire corps of soloists, including the local favorite, Signor Alberti. The programme concludes with "The Blacksmith's Wedding," in which Innes employs his corps of costumed blacksmiths, and a complement of electric anvils. Smaller numbers, such as Rubinstein's "Kammenoi

Ostrow" and Levi's "The Whirlwind," the latter a cornet solo for the celebrated Kryl, are also among the offerings. An equally fine programme follows for the Sunday matinee and, in deference to the day, the Sunday evening offering is on the order of a sacred concert. Innes brings his entire band of fifty men, six soloists and the complete roster of supers for the massed effects such as "The Blacksmith's Wedding" and similar numbers. Innes' special musical plan is the closer approach of his band to the standard orchestra. His stock in trade is neither marches nor the florid unmusical music of the military bands so-called. He affects compositions of the highest class and defers so-called popular tastes by liberally interspersing the lighter forms of composition as encore numbers.

Francis Rogers succeeded in disarming the army of critical singing teachers who attended his recital of Wednesday evening, by his clean, legitimate, polished singing; the utter absence of flamboyancy, or pretentiousness and the avoidance of any trickery or bid for popular favor by the employment of cheap effects.

The Rogers programme was as noteworthy as its interpretation, though the "Zigeuner-melodien" of Dvorak proved to be something of a pill to the laity.

Lillian Apel Emery contributed much tonal richness by her piano accompaniments, and a vivid dash of color by her crimson gown.

A fifty minute Symphony opened the Choral Symphony Society's concert, Thursday night, after which the survivors were led through a maze of "Variations."

The Symphony is Sinding's, in D Minor, and is a substantial composition, but inordinately spread out. The programme book gave an exhaustive analysis of the work which helped to make it clear, but could not sustain the interest of the subscribers, who were evidently relieved when the Symphony ended.

The "Variations" by Edward Elgar are very interesting. They are very modern, elaborate, varied and—exceedingly difficult of performance. The virtuosity demanded could hardly be expected of the Symphony Orchestra and the men deserve credit for scrambling through the work as well as they did.

Gerardy, the soloist, played exceedingly well. His luscious tone, flawless intonation and refined interpretation charmed in the Saint Saens Concerto and a group of solos, despite his ridiculous and distracting locks. Great praise to Mr. Ernst for orchestral and piano accompaniments.

For the enjoyment of the Morning Choral Club members,—active and associate—Francis Rogers, with the aid of Mrs. Emery, attacked a programme composed entirely of Schubert and Schumann songs. It was a most intimidating undertaking. In some of the Schubert songs, notably "The Wanderer," "Ihr Bild," "Aufenthalt" and several of the numbers from the Schumann "Dichterliebe" cycle, Mr. Rogers was delightful in intent and execution, but his powers are as yet hardly sufficiently matured to permit a perfectly satisfactory interpretation of this programme in its entirety.

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COMING ATTRACTIONS.

Mr. E. S. Willard will appear at the Olympic Theater, beginning Monday evening, March 3d, in repertoire. Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday evenings and Wednesday matinee Mr. Willard will present his new play, by Louis N. Parker, entitled "The Cardinal." Wednesday evening "David Garrick" will be the attraction and Saturday matinee, J. M. Barrie's "The Professor's Love Story."

Ernst Von Wolzogen's "Das Lumpengesindel" as presented by the Germania Theater stock company was exceptionally entertaining. The light and shade of the piece were brought out in a most artistic manner. The characters were taken from real life and were in every instance cleverly interpreted. Sunday, March 2d, the great singing farce, "Der Postillon von Muencheberg" (The Postillion from Mucheneberg) will be the attraction. Wednesday, March 5th, for the first time in St. Louis, "Wenn Leute Geld Haben" (When People Have Money) will be the offering; it is also Miss Luli Euler's benefit.

Mr. Guy Lindsley and his pupils will present a charmingly diversified programme at the next public entertainment of the Lindsley School of Dramatic Art, on Friday evening, March 7th, at the Germania Theater, Fourteenth and Locust streets. The attractions will consist of the one-act drama "The Setting Of The Sun," first produced by Wilson Barrett in England, the two-act comedietta, by Jerome, entitled "When Greek Meets Greek," the beautiful play in one act, "Sea Drift," also by Jerome K. Jerome, and the sparkling two-act farce, "Monsieur." Mr. Lindsley and the following pupils will appear: Miss Minnie Nye, Miss Bessie Barrows, Miss Blanche Rhoades, Miss Lulu Matthews, Miss

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AT THE PLAY.

"THE SECOND IN COMMAND."

The play entitled "The Second in Command," now running its course at the Olympic Theatre, is, to my thinking, the best opportunity John Drew has ever had for the display of his fine talents, and I say this with a very vivid recollection of almost everything he has played in the last fifteen years.

The production is a typical English affair. It has the beefy, bungling Redvers Buller quality all over it and everything is so obviously mechanical in the construction that nothing but the cleverness of the company supporting Mr. Drew could make it tolerable. The hero, whose role is enacted by Mr. Drew, is a rough, bluff duffer who is always in hard luck, who has a touch of sentiment, loves hopelessly, does astonishing heroic acts towards the end of the play on the field against the Boers, wins the Victoria Cross, and punctuates it all with a little thin, mild humor.

Still there is no denying that Mr. Drew makes the part of *Kit Bingham* a very attractive one. The actor's mannerisms are less in evidence in this role than in almost any other he has ever essayed. His capacity for the expression of that gentle pathos which goes with true humor is at its best. There are four or five scenes in the play where the acting called for is of the intensely

quiet or quietly intense sort which is most effective, and on each occasion Mr. Drew comes up to his opportunities and makes the most of them. His love-making is of the delightfully hesitating, blundering sort, and when his regiment started off first for the war in Africa and left him behind, his endeavor to make the best of it, culminating at last in a collapse of sobs and tears, the audience, on Monday evening, experienced a powerfully touching moment.

There is, of course, a great deal of John Drew about John Drew, but the gentleman can hardly help that. It seems to me that he never has before, and probably never will again, got so far away from himself in his work as he does in the play at the Olympic this week.

Of Miss Ida Conquest it can only be said that she takes the part of the heroine in a manner which wins and holds sympathy quite tensely all the time she is on the stage. Not many times in one's theatre-going career will one find such exquisite portrayal of anguish as Miss Conquest gives when the man she loves goes away from her after telling her that he proposed to her simply because she had about her the perfume of some other woman whom he had loved long ago. The utter astonishment, dejection, indignation, and final heart-breaking surrender to disillusion as portrayed by Miss Conquest in the third act on Monday evening constituted a scene that had quite a clutch upon the hearts of auditors not inexperienced in dramatic craft. Miss Conquest is certainly a rare actress, and in this particular play, in my opinion, she surpasses everything she has done before in sheer grace and power of all-round womanliness.

Mr. Gay Standing makes an excellent show of his capabilities in this performance also. He too is of the manly, blundering, almost dumb English ideal type, and he is manly all through. What he does he does very well. His acting lacks fire, but that may be on account of the character of the role he is portraying. One may find fault with his terrible deficiency of perspicacity, but there is something so honest and straightforward about him that you forgive him even the atrocious crime of being a stick in his love-making.

The other members of the company are excellent. The young gentleman who plays *Carstairs* is particularly attractive in the presentation of a gentlemanly, boyish drunk. His comedy role is one of the best things I remember on the stage since we saw Mr. Jameson Finney with the Empire Stock Company. Mr. Drew's daughter carries very handsomely a slight part on the ingenue order.

The play as a whole seems to be a bad piece of carpentry work although there are some good lines and several very good situations which make strong climaxes. The plot is absurd, and the complications all result from a tremendous density of mind upon the part of the characters which could be predicated, probably, of no people on earth except the English. The incident of the heroine's brother telling *Col. Anstruther* that his sister was to marry that gentleman solely to get money to pay his (the brother's) debts, is "rotten" even though it does give opportunity for quite a dramatic scene.

The atmosphere of the play, however, is pure and sweet, and all the sentiments evoked are of the decent, generous sort. There is no villain in the play, and there is no suggestion of anything vicious even remotely in the back-ground. The total impression of the play is decidedly good,

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and I imagine the production will be as great a relief to all the theatre goers of St. Louis, after the farce comedies, knock-about extravaganzas, and Rogers Brothers' idiocies as it was to me. A visit to the Olympic this week will restore the theatre-going community of this city to dramatic sanity.

THE HENRIETTA.

It has come to pass that Mr. Stuart Robson's play, "The Henrietta," has fallen into the same category with "Rip Van Winkle." Mr. Robson in his role of *Bertie the Lamb*, is as much of an important figure in the history of American drama as Jefferson in *Rip*. Just as, with each succeeding year, a great many people go to see Jefferson, saying to themselves that it will probably be the last time, so some of us find ourselves determining not to miss Mr. Robson when he appears in the intensely funny role of *Bertie*.

Mr. Robson has never done anything that equals his work in this part. His peculiarities of voice and manner are such as to heighten to an almost excruciating extent, the absurdity of the part. Not since the time of the elder Sothorn's *Dundreary* has there been such a delightful presentation of affable imbecility and utterly irresistible charm of dunder-headedness as Mr. Robson gives us in *Bertie*. No matter how often one has seen it, the part is always provocative of the most hearty laughter.

The play in which *Bertie* is a leading figure is a poor sort of thing and would be absolutely nothing without Robson's appallingly convulsive peculiarities of voice and feature. Still, it is wonderful with how much charm the thing can be invested when capable management sets out to produce a revival of the play. The thing has become a classic by the simple force of Robson's individual oddities which might even be considered by some as afflictions. The audience at the Century Theatre, last Sunday evening, was fully as rapturous as the one which saw it many years ago when it was first presented at the old Grand Opera House. The points are just as good as they ever were and the situations seem to be such as "age cannot wither nor custom stale." *Bertie* will always get a hearty laugh as long as people can enjoy pure fun untainted with anything vulgar or nasty. The uproarious simplicity of *Bertie* and his coruscating brilliancy of capacity for getting

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THOMAS B. MOSHER, Portland, Maine

things wrong, are certainly a source of inextinguishable laughter for contemporaneous Americans. The play won't last after Robson.

The revival at the Century this week is a truly gorgeous affair. It is almost amazing to observe how the management has clothed the play in splendor. It almost makes the thing seem entirely new.

While Mr. Robson still holds, by indefeasible right, the main interest of the play, it must be said that, in the present production, the honors he wears are almost torn from him by the superb acting of Mr. Macklyn Arbuckle. This gentleman's presentation of a bluff, choleric, hearty, jovial old Wall street operator is a thing to expand the heart of the beholder. He is so exceedingly good in the extensive play of many shades of the character briefly outlined above that it gives one an impression of Mr. Arbuckle as indeed a protean actor. It seems to me that his work is so splendidly variegated that he will be soon the almost inevitable man to take up and present to us again such favorite old-time parts as the *Hon. Bardwell Slope*, or even *Capt. Cuttle*. There is a clean vigor and a pure heartiness about Mr. Arbuckle's work that are really refreshing. When he has the stage at the Century this week he has a firm grip on every person in the audience. He is making a splendid hit by work which recalls to many of us the very best traditions of the American stage.

I must say that a feature of the presentation this season is the remarkable aggregation of beauty and freshness in womankind. Not in a long time have we seen quite such bunch of beauties as now take the feminine roles in "The Henrietta." The lady of the "bunch" most generously advertised as a beauty, does not seem to me to be entitled to the palm by any such overwhelming majority as has been recorded for her. The lady who plays the widow is a much more fascinating personality and is possessed of such an abundance of good looks that one does not blame either the Wall street magnate or the sycophantic preacher for being infatuated with her. The beauty as advertised, is rather a clever little actress in a very unimportant part, artistically considered, though, of course, of some importance in the holding together of the story.

There is not much opportunity for what one might call good acting in the villain's part, taken by Mr. Rus Whytal, but in the closing scene, where the villain is overtaken at the moment of the collapse of his villainy, Mr. Whytal presents a death scene which for ghastly realism has not been surpassed since Mansfield played *Baron Chevalier*. The hideousness of the thing stands out with tremendous effect amid the banalities of the Doctor's maunderings by the dead man's side. Mr. Whytal's death is spoiled by the twaddling lines of the incident.

The gentleman who plays the aged clerk is also an excellent actor, and the young man who bears upon his shoulders the foolish burden of impersonating a chappie English lordling, makes quite important a role which amounts to nothing in itself.

The excellent company, every member of which seems to act with the greatest possible interest in his or her work, the splendid setting given the play, the remarkable impression of perennial youth and invincible, inescapable blundering into good luck by Mr. Robson, the pretty and fresh women and, finally, the great power of characterization, broad yet fine, that is shown by Mr.

Macklyn Arbuckle, make the performance a veritable delight to anyone who is capable of appreciating wholesome and genuine fun in a play.

The Deadhead.

Mr. Wm. Walsh, founder of the Merrick Walsh & Phelps Jewelry Co., desires to inform his friends that he is now connected with the J. Bolland Jewelry Co., Mercantile Club Building, 7th and Locust streets.

STATE POLITICS.

BY THE COMMITTEEMAN.

The announcement of Champ Clark's withdrawal as candidate for United States Senator from Missouri, came upon the State as somewhat of a surprise, following so soon upon the announcement of the candidacy of Mr. DeArmond. It is significant that both the announcement of DeArmond and of Clark should have come so soon after the visit recently paid to Washington by Col. W. H. Phelps, chief lobbyist of the Missouri Pacific Railway. Shortly before Mr. Phelps left St. Louis he imparted to some of his friends the information that DeArmond would, in all likelihood, be in the race within a very short time, and he declared, also, that when DeArmond was once in the field other events would happen which would greatly simplify the work of defeating Gov. Stone.

While Col. Phelps was in Washington he saw a great many people, but the greater part of his time was passed with Mr. Richard C. Kerens, and that gentleman gave an elaborate dinner in the lobbyist's honor. The relationship between Kerens and Phelps is very close, and is based, as the MIRROR has frequently intimated, upon Col. Phelps' hearty, if subterranean, co-operation with Mr. Kerens in a scheme to carry Missouri for the Republican party, and send Mr. Kerens to the Senate. It is not at all possible that either Mr. Clark or Mr. DeArmond sympathizes with Mr. Phelps' purposes, or Mr. Kerens', but it seems suspicious that they should both fall into the scheme which Mr. Phelps outlined before his departure from St. Louis.

The natural result of recent events is that all the opposition to Stone will concentrate in the support of Mr. DeArmond. If this support should not be able to encompass the defeat of ex-Governor Stone, the opposition will have still another card to play in its control of the Public Ownership party, and the straight-out Populists. Both these organizations are supported by money from Mr. Kerens' treasure-chest, and the political schemes of leaders of both these parties are put up by Col. Phelps.

There is no more doubt of these facts than there is of the fact that there is a great deal of dissatisfaction in the Democratic party in this State, and the wisest of the old politicians are very fearful that the plans of Phelps and Kerens may be carried very easily.

It may be interesting to the politicians, and to the general public, to learn that while the scheming is going on to defeat Stone, either with De Armond or with a Republican, by the splitting up of the Democratic party in the close counties of the State, there are other people who have an idea that another candidate may be sprung in the person of Rolla Wells, Mayor of St. Louis. The people of the State have come to have a very good opinion of Wells, more especially since his fight with Col. Ed. Butler in the city of

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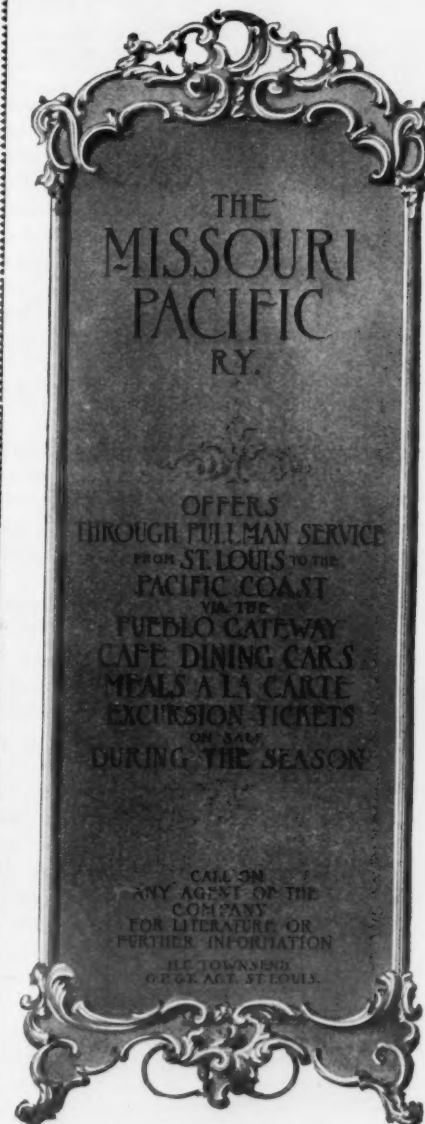
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Lessees.

St. Louis. The people out in the country do not like Butler, and they are apt to take very kindly to anybody who makes an open fight against him.

There is no doubt that the identification of Harry Hawes in St. Louis with Wells in the fight on Butler has created the impression that Governor Dockery and his almost perfect machine are also committed to the war upon the Village Blacksmith.

It is known that Gov. Francis is very close to Dockery, and that all the Gold Bug influence in the State is inclined to look with great favor upon Mr. Wells, and to cherish a hope that he may be brought to the front on the strength of his excellent administration of St. Louis affairs, as the person to save the situation in the event of a dead-lock in the Legislature.

The influences which are identified with Francis, with Dockery, with Judge Priest, and the capitalistic element generally, have been secretly lending aid and encouragement to every effort to defeat ex-Governor Stone. It is not at all probable, however, that these influences are inclined to be friendly to Mr. De Armond. He is not the kind of a man to attract such politicians, and while they may accept him for the purpose of beating Stone, it is probable that on a show-down they would be very willing to take up a man like Mayor Wells.

It is very plain that the scheme to throw the State over into the Republican column for the election of Mr. Kerens has received a severe set-back through the vigor and success of the fight which Mayor Wells and President Hawes, of the Police Board and the Jefferson Club, have made upon Butler in St. Louis. They have pulled that old warrior's tail-feathers clean out and have driven him openly into the camp of the Populists. This fact of forcing Butler into the attitude of an open attack upon the Democratic administration and Democratic organization in St. Louis, is going to have an excellent effect among the rural Democrats in establishing in their minds the genuineness of the Democracy of Wells and others who felt that they could not support Mr. Bryan in the campaigns of 1896 and 1900. Therefore, the political wisecracks are not entirely fanciful when they hint that Rolla Wells, who went into the Mayor's office as a Gold Bug, amid the execrations of the 16-to-1ers in the country, may finally come to stand to the Missouri faithful as a savior of the Democratic party.

The alliance between Butler and Meriwether is an established fact. Butler has always been close to Meriwether since he helped the young Socialist Southerner to defeat Edwin Harrison and to elect Henry Ziegenhein to the Mayoralty in 1897. Butler was held in line for the Democratic party in the city election, in 1901, only through the influence of "the Pierpont Morgan of St. Louis," Mr. James Campbell, and even then the old blacksmith had great difficulty in restraining himself from openly supporting Meriwether's candidacy.

It seems an absurd thing to say, but I have heard a well informed, practical politician, in this city, say that Ed Butler was not wholly irresponsible for a great number of votes that were cast for Meriwether by the so-called "Indians" who were supposed to be casting illegal votes for the Democratic ticket. Butler's alliance with Meriwether is prompted by Butler's desire to break the hold of President Hawes, of the Jefferson Club, upon the city of St. Louis. He has been worsted at every turn of his fight within the party against Hawes, and now he

is determined to destroy the party if he cannot destroy Hawes. It was possible for Butler in 1897 to defeat the Democrats through an alliance with Meriwether, but I doubt whether it will be possible to defeat the Democratic ticket in St. Louis, in November, this year, by the same combination. The people of the city have the utmost faith in Mr. Wells, and in everybody who was elected to office on the ticket with him. The administration has been absolutely beyond criticism and above suspicion in every detail. Every promise made that could possibly be fulfilled by the administration has been fulfilled. The Mayor has handled all the big matters that came before him in a most masterly manner, and to the satisfaction, not only of the plutocrats, but of the masses.

Butler's union with Meriwether will not be quite as successful as it was before, for the simple reason that Meriwether is now stronger than Butler, and Butler has lost the support of the "crooks" who have done most of his fine work at primaries and elections. The vigorous war made by the Police Department upon these "crooks" under the instructions of President Hawes, of the Police Board, has weakened that element to a wonderful extent. Most of them are "on the run" from Butler and seeking political alliance with the head of the Jefferson Club. Butler's hold upon the corrupt and vicious elements is not nearly so strong as it was and he cannot command their loyalty as he did in the past.

It may be interesting to some of the politicians to know, furthermore, that one of the reasons for Butler's alliance with Meriwether is a hope that by such a combination he may be able to defeat the nomination, and possibly the election of Mr. Hawes to Congress from the Eleventh District. A strong movement is on foot to induce Mr. Hawes to run in the district now represented by Chas. F. Joy, and, in fact, the young leader of the Jefferson Club is now considering the matter at Hot Springs. He can have the nomination if he wants it, and he declares that if he gets the nomination he can be elected hands-down. Butler desires to have control of the Meriwether machine, (and, by the way, the Meriwether machine is one of the best and most compactly organized and most tenaciously loyal political machines that was ever organized in any city in the United States) in order to encompass the defeat of Mr. Hawes. Mr. Hawes' friends, however, are trying to dissuade him from running for Congress because they say that if he were to get out of town for any length of time the result would be nothing more nor less than the re-entrance of Col. Butler into supreme bossship.

It is believed that Gov. Dockery is not inclined to favor Mr. Hawes' candidacy for Congress. Gov. Dockery, it may be said in refutation of the claims made by the friends of Col. Butler, will not throw down Mr. Hawes. The Governor is a great admirer of Mr. Hawes and is firmly committed to the principles upon which Mayor Wells and Mr. Hawes have made war upon Ed. Butler. A strong effort was made to get the Governor to call off the fight so far as the Grand Jury was concerned, but he declined to do it. He said he was in favor of the punishment of hoodlums and he would not interfere with Circuit Attorney Folk, nor would he believe that Mr. Hawes had used the Grand Jury for the purpose of persecuting Butler. The best evidence that Mr. Hawes stands well with the Governor is the fact that Butler has been unable to make connections

with the Chief Executive, although he has tried strenuously for some time. The only person whom Butler could get next to at the State Capital, was Secretary of State Cook. Cook and Butler had a conference at the Planters' House with a view to patching up the difficulty between Butler and Hawes, but Mr. Cook has had no conference with Hawes, because that leader would not listen to any suggestion of a compromise with a man who was standing in with Phelps in a scheme to carry out the State for the Republicans.

The latest information concerning the Democratic nominees for Supreme Judges of Missouri is, that the machine has finally concluded to turn down Judge Valliant. Judge

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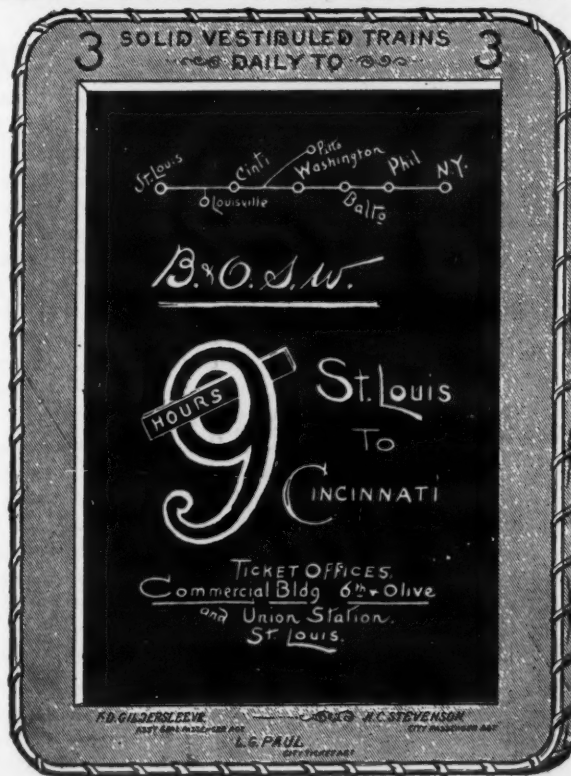
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Valliant could not carry St. Louis, it is said, because at one time he declared the St. Louis Jockey Club and Fair Grounds Association an aggregation of gamblers, and, furthermore, he was the man who rendered a decision which maintained and confirmed Col. Chas. H. Jones in control of the *Post-Dispatch* at the time the corporations were desirous of getting the bewhiskered Colonel out of that newspaper. It begins to look like Sherwood all along the line. The corporations are for him, and they have spoken through the editorial columns of the *Republic*. Wise Democrats believe very sincerely that the nomination of Sherwood would be a mistake solely on account of his identification with the corporations. Never-

theless the argument goes that he has been so useful to the big and powerful interests, that they will take another chance and try to force him back upon the bench to look after their interests. Just at this time the corporations' determination to support Sherwood would seem to be a mistake. The Supreme Court is not popular in the country. It is especially unpopular now since its unanimous refusal to mandamus the Board of Equalization and compel it to assess properly the franchises of the great public service corporations in this State. The corporation power, having compelled a unanimous denial of the application for mandamus, is unwise in now endeavoring to make sure of another term for Judge Sherwood. Popular opinion against the Court is becoming bitterer every day. Everybody knows, or believes, that the Court is a machine just as much as the State Central Democratic Committee, and that the Court is just as much under the domination of the corporations and the lobbyists as the State Committee was shown to be in the Cardwell revelations at Independence a few weeks ago. The other two members of the Supreme Court ticket, so far as the machine has definitely decided the matter, will be Burgess and Fort.

The tip for next Democratic nominee for Governor is John A. Lee.

RARE PICTURES.

Mr. Thomas McLean, of No. 7 Haymarket, London, one of the famous art dealers of the world, for nearly two hundred years, has on exhibition at the Noonan & Kocian galleries quite a remarkable collection of pictures.

Most interesting of the pictures is an early Turner, one done before that artist's discovery by Ruskin, something crude indeed, but nevertheless containing some hint of color. Another picture that attracts attention is a delicious little Corot. A small Dupre in this collection is an excellent specimen of that artist. There is a charcoal drawing by Jacque that commands a splendid price, while there is a scene in oil by the same artist that equals anything Jacque has done.

Besides the above there are two striking specimens of Alma Tadema in his most lithographic vein, an interesting and unique specimen of Nicholas Von Berghem, a gorgeously decorative Spanish Venetian water scene that makes the Ziem near by seem a chromo, a rare piece by Linnell that shows how the mood of painting has changed, and a number of other canvases from various countries and schools.

These pictures are carefully chosen for exhibition in America. They are chosen not for their names, but for their quality. Some of them are not quite the best of the output of the men represented, as, for instance, the rather sentimental Roybet portrait, but none of them is without a sound excuse for inclusion in the display. The collection, as it hangs on the walls of the Noonan & Kocian gallery, is a very impressive one in its variety and strength. The only thing that mars it is an English saccharine, Pears-soap sort of thing in pseudo-classic style which should be shown in the woodshed. Still it is a picture that belongs to a popular "school" in England.

This collection should not be missed. Writing about it conveys no idea of its educative value. There is a very complete synopsis of a great deal of modern history of painting in the exhibition.

Phx.

Best Watches—Mermod & Jaccard's.

IN CHICAGO.

They are loading for the Prince,
In Chicago;
They are seeking social hints,
In Chicago;
For they want to show him that
They've got etiquette down flat,
And know just where they're at,
In Chicago.

They are yet a wee bit mixed,
In Chicago;
But they hope to get things fixed,
In Chicago,
Before his Niblets comes
With the boom of horns and drums,
To meet the real lum tums,
In Chicago.

They are having shades of doubt,
In Chicago;
Who is "in" and who is "out,"
In Chicago;
Seven hundred are set down
As the ham-meat of the town,
But the Middlings seek renown,
In Chicago.

They won't give the Prince a knife,
In Chicago;
To eat pie with, betcher life,
In Chicago;
And they'll not forget his rank,
Thinking maybe he's a Yank,
And so greet him: "Hello, Hank,"
In Chicago.

So when the Prince arrives,
In Chicago;
They'll have the time of their lives,
In Chicago;
And they'll make him feel so gay
In their highly cultured way
That he'll always want to stay,
In Chicago.

And the Prince will say to them,
In Chicago;
From beneath his diadem,
In Chicago;
"Dear Friends whom now I greet,
For this really royal treat,
Brother Bill shall buy his meat,
In Chicago."

—W. J. L., in N. Y. Sun.

HIS HECTIC FLUSH.

A couple of young men prominent in several of the best clubs, have been quite diligent in consulting the authorities and diagnosticians of poker since last September, when they encountered a new hand, relates the *New York Times*. Having suddenly decided to go hunting in the Adirondacks, they went there the last but one of the close season. As the sleepers were all full, they had to spend a night in a coach or stay over in Utica. The New Yorkers saw little choice between a Utica hotel and a Mohawk and Malone coach, so they decided to make the best of the night's ride, seeing they would begin shooting so much the sooner. On the train they found an acquaintance bound for the sanitarium for consumptives at Saranac. He introduced them to a friend, and the four sleepless, weary wights began "a little game." As the party was to break up at Saranac, they started what they decided should be the last pot just as the rays of the red sun were breaking through the heavy mists of the lower lake. There were no chips, and the piles of coin and paper assumed quite inviting proportions. That last jackpot was

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a big one. The game was called just as the train stopped. At the showdown there were three "full houses." "Well, gentlemen," said the consumptive as he calmly pocketed the money, "I guess it's mine. I have a hectic flush."

THE EGG FAMINE.

Easter is little more than four weeks off and eggs are bringing 35 cents a dozen on South Water street. Moreover, some 3,000 cases of the eggs that we have been buying at this price during the last few days came all the way from California.

The outlook for eggs is anything but bright. The middle Western hen refuses to lay. Every hen from the Ohio river to Lake Superior, and from the Alleghanies to the Platte is sulking in her coop. With big prices awaiting her finished product she positively refuses to relieve the stringency.

All kinds of arguments in the way of patent, quick action chicken feed have been brought to bear upon her, but she maintains a stolid indifference to the exigencies of the situation and threatens to remain unreasonably obstinate indefinitely. It is probably her way of protesting against the cold storage egg. At any rate, she is adamant.

California, in the nature of things, cannot long be of any great assistance to us. The First ward of Chicago alone would consume the entire egg output of the Golden Gate State. We might import eggs from Hawaii, perhaps, and even from the Philippines, or from Guam or Tutuila, but they would be delayed in transmission, they would not have the homegrown flavor, and at the present juncture we could patronize the colonial hen only at the risk of still further estranging the native producer.

While we are waiting for the Middle Western hen to resume her wonted activity we can at least kill time by listening to the pioneer who remembers that during the spring of 1816 eggs were so scarce in Illinois that they sold at the rate of a wolf pelt a dozen; or the old resident who remembers that this time forty-seven years ago he paid ninepence for a single egg; or the early settler who recalls distinctly that along in the winter of 1837 he and Fernando Jones and Thompson B. Bryan paid \$7 for a ham and egg breakfast at the old Tremont.

And about the time we shall have heard the last of the old resident egg stories the

hens will be laying again as if nothing had happened.—*Chicago Inter Ocean*.

Dick Slowboy (who had just been accepted): "Did I surprise you, darling?"

Waunda Long: "I should say so. I gave up the idea, ten months ago, of your ever having nerve enough to propose"—*Exchange*.

Wife: "I must compliment you on your improved dancing. You never tear my dresses now as you used to before we were married." *He*: "Well, you see, I did not pay for them in those days."

"Yes," he said, "I used to be troubled with cold feet at night, too; but that was some years ago." "Then you never are now?" "No, not since I've been a widower."

"Here!" he growled, "what do you mean by waking me out of a sound sleep?" "Because, dear," replied his wife sweetly, "it was such a distressing sound."

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TRAGEDY BY TELEPHONE.

[Beerbohm Tree, the noted English actor, has just secured the English rights of a dramatization of Charles Foley's powerful short story, "At the Telephone," in which M. Antoine has created a sensation in Paris. A translation appeared in the MIRROR in August, 1897.—Ed.]

We happened to come out of the club together, and so walked along the boulevard with M. Maroux, a man with a kindly face but marked with an infinite melancholy.

"Will you wait a minute for me?" said I, as we reached the postoffice. "I wish to go in and telephone."

He started at the last word, and I saw his grip tighten on his cane. When I returned, he still seemed nervous and to break an uncomfortable silence I made some commonplace remark about what a marvelous invention the telephone was, and what inestimable services the progress of science is doing us every day.

"Do you think so?" replied M. Maroux, in a tone of bitter irony. "It seems to me, on the contrary, that science, far from aiding us, only emphasizes our human weakness and cruelly multiplies the means that can cause us suffering. But you will understand me better if I give you an example of what I mean from my own experience:

"I was spending my autumn vacation with Louise, my wife, and Marcel, my little son, at my country-place at Morande, which I had just bought. It was in the country, about three leagues out of Marseilles. Nanette, our old servant, was both house-keeper and cook. Blaise, who was devoted to me, delighted at being once more near the city, where his worthy old mother lived, fulfilled the functions of gardener and had his quarters in a detached out-house.

"With my gun on my arm and my two dogs at my heel, I used to wander about all day with my wife and baby in that delightful solitude. To make amends for our isolation, I had a telephone line put up to connect with the central office at Marseilles, and by it every evening, as I sat in my bedchamber, I could learn what had been done during the day at my factory in Paris.

"Our peaceful life was interrupted by a notice from my superintendent; by making personal application I could probably obtain an important government order. The weather was so fine and Marcel seemed so well that Louise decided to wait for me at Morande. But on the eve of my departure for Paris, the rain fell in torrents. When the hired vehicle arrived before my door, at sight of the immense blackness of the fields and woods I felt a sudden gripping at my heart.

"You will be away only two nights," Louise reassured me; "Nanette will sleep near my room; Blaise has your gun, and from the house where he sleeps he could hear us call; and the dogs are an excellent guard. What could happen to us?"

"I kissed Louise and Marcel, and started on my journey. On the train I passed a most uneasy night, and I had no sooner reached Paris than I jumped out of the carriage and hastened to a telephone office. Communication being established, I heard, nasal and muffled, but still very sweet to me, the voice of my wife.

"Hello!" I called. "How did you pass the night, Louise? Were you very frightened?"

"Yes, a little—Nanette, especially. We did not get to sleep until almost daybreak, because Nanette thought she heard steps in the garden. The dogs, which we had forgotten to untie, had been barking a long

time. At last we opened the window and called Blaise. He took the gun, loosed the dogs, and made a tour of the house, but he did not find anything suspicious. Baby, who did not suspect anything, the fine little fellow, has waked up and is calling me. Good-by. If you have a moment before dinner, call me up again."

"Only half reassured, I plunged into the business in hand, and was not able to go to the telephone again until after eight o'clock. I had to call a long time.

"Hello, hello!" I called. "Why don't you answer, Louise? What is the matter?"

"Something we did not expect this afternoon. The shutters had been fastened, the dogs untied, and Nanette had put up a bed for Blaise in the hall, in order to save us the terrors of last night, when a boy from the village brought a note for Blaise. His mother had suddenly been taken very ill, and she wanted him to come to her immediately. The boy, whom we had never seen before, went away again as soon as he had delivered the note, without giving us any further information. Blaise, who adores his mother, was quite upset. He did not want to leave us alone before daylight, but his sorrowful face told how dearly the delay would cost him. I thought that if this woman dies to-night, I shall have prevented poor Blaise from receiving her last blessing. So I overcame my scruples and made him go. He promised to return this evening, and to save time he will drive back. I have just bolted the doors after him. That is why I kept you waiting. Now, how is that business affair getting along?"

"Very well, but let us talk about yourself. You should not have let Blaise go. Even if he drives back, he can not return before ten or eleven o'clock. My sole confidence was in knowing that he was near you, and now he is gone. And then that boy who ran away before you had time to think of making sure his news was true! At any rate, Blaise has left you the two dogs and the gun, has he not?"

"The two dogs are asleep on the porch. As for the gun, Blaise must have left it in the hall. I shall go and make sure. Can you hear Marcel? He is sitting in my lap, and is saying good-night to you. Listen!"

"Good-night, papa, good-night."

"Good-night, my darlings. I must get a bite of dinner now, and then I will call you again."

"Once outside I felt oppressed with what my wife had just told me. I had dissimulated my own anxiety in order not to add to her fears. But that uneasiness, which had hardly been quieted by the first conversation, now waxed stronger at the thought of this strange, incredible letter which had taken away my wife's one defender, the only man in the house. My thoughts took so dark a turn that by the time I reached the hotel I could not swallow a mouthful. I left the table to return to the telephone office, but my agent found me and laid before me a lot of details which were essential to the success of my venture. I could not dismiss him immediately, and it was late when I re-entered the telephone office. My heart throbbed with impatience, and my hand trembled so that I could scarcely hold the receiver to my ear. It was some seconds before I could hear anything.

"Hello, Louise, hello!" I cried. "Are you there? Answer me!"

"At last I heard her voice, but it was low, oppressed, filled with terror.

"Oh, it's you at last! For the last hour I have been nearly crazed. I could not find the gun—that boy must have stolen it when

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We have, on more than one occasion, been approached by you for an endorsement of your Immunizing Treatment for Intemperance. We have heretofore refrained from giving this for the reason that we were not sufficiently assured of its effective cure for Alcoholism.

The endorsement of the leading business firms of this city, supported by that of our prominent local clergymen has excited our interest, and we have carefully inquired among unfortunates who were powerless to refrain from drink, and we find that after using your Immunizing Method, they are able to assert their manhood and are improved, both physically and mentally.

We, therefore, cheerfully give you this letter, hoping that others may be induced to improve their condition through your effective Treatment.

Very truly yours,

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Per C. F. G. Meyer, Prest

There is scarcely a firm of prominence in St. Louis, but has endorsed the Immune Treatment for the drink habit, and their letters, together with those from a few of our patients, will be sent in plain envelope, to any one interested. The offices of the PAQUIN IMMUNE COMPANY are 417, 418, 419, 420 and 421 Fullerton Bldg., St. Louis.

Note.—Those who write, will please mention Mirror.

he went away. Blaise has not come back, they must have got him out of the way on purpose. Oh, I am losing my head, I can scarcely breathe for terror—I think I hear—in the garden—far away— Wait while I listen!

"Clutching at the box for support, I could only cry: 'Louise, I beg of you, do not leave me in this silence—what do you hear?'"

"The dogs are growling—now they are barking—barking furiously. They have run to the bottom of the garden—now, suddenly they are still—there is a deathly silence! But—yes, it sounds like muffled footsteps on the pebbled walk—as if some one were coming toward the house—"

"Go on, speak, Louise! I am strangling. I shall go mad! What do you hear?—what do you hear now?"

"Nothing, now—almost nothing—yes, there is a gentle, steady grating sound, as if a chisel were being slipped under a shutter to force it—the sash gives way—a window is broken—oh, I am terrified!"

"I shook the telephone-box in my agony. 'Telephone to Marseilles,' I cried, 'to warn the police!'"

"How can I?—the city is three leagues away—they would come too late—and I can not—oh, I am going mad—"

"Call for help! or hide yourself—yes, that's it. Take the little one and hide!"

"I can not. I have no strength left—they are coming, the stairs creak—they are in the hall—they are feeling along the wall, they try the door—Marcel! My God—help, help—"

"There were two muffled cries of terror. Then a vague, confused noise. Then a jumble of indefinable sounds, then silence. Something seemed to crack in my brain, and I fell unconscious."

Gasping as if he had lived through this terrible scene again, M. Maroux concluded: "From the *Gazette Judiciaire* you can learn the details of the crime. It is known as 'The Morande Atrocity.' By it I lost my wife, my child, and my two servants. But no report can describe, no mere words can ever express, the hideous nightmare that modern science brought me, the frightful torture of a man who, at a distance of a hundred leagues, hears the despairing cries of his wife and son, who are being strangled while he is powerless to do more than batter impotently on a wooden telephone-box."—*The Argonaut*.

MAMIE WEARS A RAGLAN.

Mamie wears a raglan—O, dear me!
Mamie in her raglan is a sight to see!
For the way that Mamie wears it, and the
way she twists and bends
Makes it hard to tell just where the raglan
starts and Mamie ends!
Mamie wouldn't wear a coffee sack, of that
I'm sure,
Mamie likes to be in style, and Mamie is
demure,
Yet Mamie doesn't hesitate to amble up the
street
Looking like a bale of hay that's grown a
pair of feet.
And sometimes when you see her you take
another peep,
She looks so much as if she were a-walking
in her sleep!

—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Our new designs in diamond jewelry have the latest improvements in settings. Lowest prices, quality considered. Mermod & Jaccard's, Broadway and Locust.

THE LAMENT OF THE ADULT.

BY AGNES REPPLIER.

In one of Dickens' novels—those novels which we are tearfully assured nowadays are not in the least funny—an ungrateful brickmaker rejects the little volume which has been brought him, because "it's a book fit for a babby, and I'm not a babby. If you was to leave me a doll, I shouldn't nuss it."

Something of this unchastened spirit stirs within our middle-aged hearts when we read a modern story, or see a modern play. It is probably the nicest kind of a story, and the nicest kind of a play, and if we were only fourteen instead of forty, or fifteen instead of fifty, we should thoroughly enjoy them both. Nothing is better calculated to make us regret our lost youth than fiction and the drama as they exist to-day. With what glorious emotions we should have dilated in childhood over Mr. Crockett's desperate brigands, or Miss Johnston's dauntless heroes. How we should have steeped ourselves—figuratively speaking—in gore, and revelled in romance. Sicilian outlaws, noble Indians, cruel half-breeds, courtly villains, and heroines of wild, unearthly beauty—time was when these things made our pulses jump. But now seventeen murders excite us less than one, and duels are no longer the thrilling episodes they were in the happy past. It is hard to grow old, and it is made harder by the fact that nobody, save one's family doctor, has anything to offer to age. We should still like, even at forty or fifty, to be amused, but nobody caters to our amusement. When a veteran actor like Mr. Drew—who ought to sympathize with adults—entertains us with a drama that calls to mind the school plays of happy infancy, and the last act of which must certainly have been written by Miss Edgeworth, we feel that we are indeed friendless in the evening of our lives.

It is cold comfort to be told that the drama is intended for the debutante, and the novel for her younger brothers and sisters. It is even less agreeable to hear it hinted that if we do not like these pure and wholesome performances, it is because we want something evil. Does nothing then interest the adult save sin? Are bankers and brewers, anxious mothers and hard-working spinters indifferent to all but vice? Must we either frolic like lambs—being lambs no longer—or devote ourselves seriously to the meretricious? Life has issues, not wholly unimportant, yet disconnected with love-making of any kind. Men—middle-aged men—desire many things besides their neighbors' wives. Women—middle-aged women—are sometimes strangely indifferent to their neighbors' husbands. We may be pure of heart, yet unable to take pleasure in "The Old Homestead" or "Ben Hur." We may be virtuous and intelligent adults. Will no one write novels and plays for us?—*New York Life*.

"John," she whispered, "there's a burglar in the parlor. He just bumped against the piano and struck several keys."

"You don't say. I'll go right down," said he.

"Oh, John, don't do anything rash!"

"Rash? Why, I'm going to help him. You don't suppose he can remove that piano from the house without assistance, do you?"

—Philadelphia Press.

Wigg: "What a beautiful nose she has."
Wagg: "Yes, that's her scenter of attraction."—Philadelphia Record.

Press Opinions

About

The Imitator.



AS to the author, whoever he may be, he deserves the thanks of the reading world for his clever presentment of the new wrinkle in our National costume. It may do us good to see ourselves as others see us.—*Chicago Journal*.

The story is told with great skill, cleverness and wit. The author's language is irreproachable English. . . . The man who wrote this book . . . is fitted for nobler things. He is capable of writing a great novel, not merely a bitingly clever one. And against the background of manikins, duds, swells and generally unimportant personages who roam or dance through its pages shines one clear star. And that is *Jeanette*. She is as lovely and spiritual as a half-open rose. Nothing mars her absolute womanliness, her ideality and her strength. She is the most beautiful picture of a charming woman that literature has produced for many a year.—*Chicago American*.

"The Imitator" is decadent and artificial in spirit. Although avowedly a satire and an exposure of the evil and corrupt trend of New York society, with which, presumably, the anonymous author is familiar, the atmosphere of the book is unwholesome and repellant. . . . Considerable cleverness of style tends to make the story of the experiment more or less interesting in a way, but it is read under increasing protest. There is in evidence a deliberate choice of material which, save by the decadent school, is not preferred and, save by decadent readers, is not relished.—*St. Louis Republic*.

"The Imitator" is not elaborate in its construction, nor is its delineation of the personages dealt with in the plot of an especially exhaustive kind, but its style, though somewhat mannered and, here and there, a little perfumed, is good, compared with much that is written and commended. There is a tendency toward epigrammatical sparkle and poetical trope, not always well considered, yet now and then there is a flash of social wisdom or a perception of the beautiful in life that is very pleasing.—*Baltimore News*.

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The "Mirror," Ozark Building

SAINT LOUIS MO.

THE STOCK MARKET.

Bull plans have, temporarily at least, been upset by the announced intention of the Government to bring proceedings to test the legality of the Northwestern railroad merger. Wall street had not expected anything of this sort, and the effect was, therefore, quite impressive and almost startling. There is a disposition in some quarters to treat the matter lightly, but there can be no question that the position of the market has been considerably impaired by the threatened litigation. Of course, politics has something to do with the sudden determination of the Government to force matters. There will be elections for Congress next November, and Republican leaders are anxious to protect their rear, and to take the wind out of Democratic sails. All this, however, does not obscure the salient fact that the step to be taken is justified, and that the Government is actually compelled to ascertain, through legal proceedings, whether the Northern Securities Company is violating the provisions of the Sherman Anti-Trust law of 1890 or not. This being the case, Republicans can afford to ignore sneers and aspersing insinuations of a play to the galleries from cynical antagonists.

It is reported that J. Pierpont Morgan is making strong efforts to induce the National Administration to be somewhat lenient and conservative in the premises, and will undoubtedly meet with success, especially as President Roosevelt and his advisers will hardly care to take ultra-drastic steps that might easily play havoc with security markets. The sooner the question of legality is decided, the better it will be for all concerned. But it may be safely assumed that there will be plenty of water running down the Mississippi River to the Gulf before the court of last resort utters its final dictum in the case.

Little or no attention is now being paid to the refusal of the U. S. Supreme Court to entertain jurisdiction in the case intended to be brought by the State of Minnesota against the Northern Securities Company. The decision is based on technical grounds, and both the State and the National Government are at liberty to pursue their own course to have matters decided on substantial, underlying points.

The threatened legal complications caused a sharp relapse in the prices of all leading stocks, particularly of those controlled and held by syndicates. There has been a little recovery since, but the public has been scared away completely and will maintain a very cautious attitude for some time to come. It remains to be seen whether the cliques will be able to manufacture fresh bull ammunition. That they will continue to support prices and try to gain the confidence of outsiders is a certainty. They have not had a chance to feed out their holdings. It is a question of life or death, sink or swim, with them. No wonder Morgan got a move on himself and made a hurry-up trip to Washington. The market cannot be allowed to get out of joint at this time. The bulls are certainly living laborious days. They have been rallied by the ominous shout: "All hands to the pumps." If they should meet with a little meager success, no one will be disposed to begrudge it.

An event of some interest in the street has been the show of renewed strength of Tennessee Coal and Iron Securities, the most marked evidence of vitality therein since last July.

There was no particular news to

account for the sudden outburst of strength and activity. It is to be presumed, however, that manipulators are again at work, and will soon surprise Wall street natives with a new crop of enticing stories of coming dividends, big earnings, consolidations, etc. Tennessee Coal & Iron is always well handled by an unscrupulous and powerful clique, and should be left severely alone. It is one of the few stocks in which the dear public has burned its hands very seriously and very frequently. The strength in T. Coal & I. was reflected, to a moderate degree, in Colorado Fuel & Iron and U. S. Steel preferred by issuing 5 per cent bonds in payment therefor. Some large stockholders are said to be opposed to the scheme.

The money market has arrived at a stage where it will bear close watching again. Last week's bank statement disclosed another decrease in reserves and increase in loans. The loan item is now the largest in the history of the New York Associated Banks, being above the \$1,000,000,000 notch. Reserves are smaller than they were at this time a year ago. One cannot call this a favorable financial position. Besides this, gold exports may be resumed in the next few days, as sterling exchange is once more moving up. And there are the April settlements to be made, which will entail a further serious strain on the resources of the banks. The money market continues easy, but the rate may shoot up very suddenly any day. It can easily be manipulated, as it has been so often in the past.

Trade reports are still very favorable, although there is a slow increase in the number of failures and the amounts of liabilities. Railroad earnings are up to expectations, in spite of reported decreases by various Southwestern roads. Less attention is now being paid to conjectures about results of last year's shortage in the corn crop. Rates are now being well maintained and equipment and steel-rail orders are very heavy. Large gains in revenues are being reported from the Northwest. There is, however, some talk in reference to the recent announcement that the management of the St. Paul road would hereafter publish no more weekly reports of earnings. The reason for such a change in the programme is not very obvious and should be explained. Investors like to be informed regarding the status of their property.

Sugar and Amalgamated Copper issues continue to fluctuate in a most erratic manner. It would be absolutely useless to diagnose cases of this kind. The directors of the copper trust will act on the quarterly dividend on March 20th. Well-informed people assert that the regular 1 per cent dividend will be declared. Prices of the metal are a trifle lower, but have undoubtedly touched bottom.

There is little or no inducement to trade in the stock market at the present time. Little bulls will find it a tough proposition to buck up against. It is a market of and for manipulators. Certain stocks will be marked up, while others will decline and reflect liquidation.

LOCAL SECURITIES.

The local stock exchange witnessed some exciting scenes in the past week. Bears had the upperhand and succeeded in laying extensive breaches in full fortifications. Some trust stocks came down with the proverbial "sickening thud." Support was at times woefully absent, and everybody seemed to have stocks for sale. In the

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CITY OF ST. LOUIS BONDS

	Coup.	When Due.	Quoted
Gas Co. 4	J. D.	June 1, 1905	102½-103
Park 6	A. O.	April 1, 1905	109-110
Property (Cur.) 6	A. O.	April 10, 1906	110-111
Renewal (Gld) 3.65	J. D.	June 25, 1907	102½-103½
" 4	A. O.	April 10, 1908	104-105½
" 3½	J. D.	Dec., 1909	102½-103
" 3½	J. J.	July 1, 1911	111-112
" 3½	F. A.	Aug. 1, 1919	104-105
" 3½	M. S.	June 2, 1920	104-106
" St. L. 100 4	M. N.	Nov. 2, 1911	107-108
" (Gld) 4	M. N.	Nov. 1, 1912	107½-108½
" 4	A. O.	Oct. 1, 1913	107½-110
" 4	J. D.	June 1, 1914	109-110
" 3.65	M. N.	May 1, 1915	104-105
" 3½	F. A.	Aug. 1, 1918	102½-103

Interest to seller.

Total debt about \$18,856,277
Assessment \$352,521,650

ST. JOSEPH, MO.

Funding 6	F. A.	Aug. 1, 1903	104½-105½
" 3½	F. A.	Feb. 1, 1921	102-104
School Lib. 4s 10-20	J. D.	June, 1920	104-106
" 4	A. O.	April 1, 1914	104-106
" 4 5-20	M. S.	Mar. 1, 1918	102-103
" 4 10-20	M. S.	Mar. 1, 1918	102-105
" 4 15-20	M. S.	Mar. 1, 1918	102-105
" 4	M. S.	Mar. 1, 1918	102-105
" 4 10-20	J. D.	July 1, 1919	105-107
" 4 10-20	J. D.	June 1, 1920	104-106
" 3½	J. J.	July 1, 1921	101-103

MISCELLANEOUS BONDS.

	When Due.	Price.
Alton Bridge 5s	1913	75-77
Carondelet Gas 6s	1902	100-102
Century Building 1st 6s	1916	106-106½
Century Building 2d 6s	1917	60-60
Commercial Building 1st	1907	101-103
Consolidated Coal 6s	1911	100-101
Hydraulic Press Brick 5s 5-10	1904	99-101½
Kinlock Tel Co., 6s 1st mtg.	1928	106-106½
Laclede Gas 1st 5s	1919	109-109½
Merchants Bridge 1st mortg 6s	1929	115½-116½
Merch Bridge and Terminal 5s	1930	112½-113
Mo. Electric Lt. 2d 6s	1921	117-119
Missouri Edison 1st mortg 5s	1927	92-93
St. Louis Agri. & M. A. 1st 5s	1906	100-100½
St. Louis Brewing Ass'n 6s	1914	98½-99½
St. Louis Cotton Com. 6s	1910	103-103½
St. Louis Exposition 1st 6s	1912	90-90½
St. L. Troy and Eastern Ry. 6s	1919	103-104
Union Dairy 1st 5s	1901	100-101
Union Trust Building 1st 6s	1913	100-104
Union Trust Building 2d 6s	1908	75-80

BANK STOCKS.

	Par	Last Dividend	Per Cent.	Price.
American Exch.	\$50	Dec. '01, 8 SA	300	-302
Boatmen's	100	Dec. '01, 8½ SA	213	-215
Bremen Sav.	100	Jan. 1902 6 SA	263	-265
Continental	100	Dec. '01, 4 SA	263	-266
Fourth National	100	Nov. '01, 5p.c. SA	289	-291
Franklin	100	Dec. '01, 4 SA	180	-190
German Savings	100	Jan. 1902, 6 SA	330	-336
German-Amer.	100	Jan. 1902, 20 SA	775	-825
International	100	Dec. 1901 1½ qy	167	-175
Jefferson	100	Jan. 02, 4p.c. SA	185	-200
Lafayette	100	Jan. 1902, 4 SA	525	-675
Mechanics' Nat.	100	Dec. 1901, 3 qy	267	-268½
Merch.-Laclede	100	Dec. 1901 1½ qy	240	-241
Northwestern	100	Jan. 1902, 4 SA	160	-170
Nat. Bank Com.	100	Dec. 1901, 2½ qy	324	-327
South Side	100	Nov. 1901, 8 SA	125	-128
Safe Dep. Sav. Bk.	100	Dec. 1901, 8 SA	130	-135
Southern com.	100	Jan. 1902, 8 SA	110	-115
State National	100	Dec. 1901 8 SA	208	-210
Third National	100	Dec. 1901, 1½ qy	245½	-246½

*Quoted 100 for par

TRUST STOCKS.

	Par	Last Dividend	Per Cent.	Price.
Am. Cen. Tr. Co.	100			68-170
Colonial	100	Forming		213-215
Lincoln	100	Sept. '01, 1½ qy	265	-266
Miss. Va.	100	Dec. '01, 2½ qy	429	-430
St. Louis	100	Dec. '01, 2 qy	360	-365
Title Trust	100	Dec. '01, 1½ qy	125	-130
Union	100	Nov. '01, ½ qy	440	-445
Mercantile	100	Jan. '02, 1 Mo.	411	-412
Missouri Trust	100		134½	-135
Ger. Trust Co.	100		200	-201

STREET RAILWAY STOCKS AND BONDS

	Coupons.	Price.
Cass Av. & F. G.	J. & J.	1912 102½-103
10-20s 5s	J. & J.	1907 109-111
Citizens' 20s 6s	Dec. '88	
Jefferson Ave.	M. & N. 2	1905 105-107
10s 5s	F. & A.	1911 109-108½
Lindell 20s 5s	J. & J.	1913 116-116½
Comp. Heights U.D. 6s	J. & J.	1913 116-116½
do Taylor Ave. 6s	M. & N.	1896 105-106
Mo 1st Mtg 5s 5-10s	Dec. '89 50c	
People's	J. & D.	1912 98-103
do 1st Mtg. 6s 20s	M. & N.	1902 98-103
do 2d Mtg. 7s	Monthly 2p	100-
St. L. & R. St. L.	J. & J.	1925 103-107
do 1st 6s	M. & N.	1910 100½-101½
St. Louis 1st 5s 5-20s	J. & J.	1913 102½-103
do Baden-St. L. 5s		75-100
St. L. & Sub.	F. & A.	1921 105-105½
do Con. 5s	M. & N.	1914 117-120
do Cable & Wt. 6s	M. & N.	1916 115½-116
do Merimac Rv. 6s		1914
do Incomes 5s	M. & N.	1904 104-106
Southern 1st 6s	F. & A.	1909 106-108
do 2d 25s 6s	J. & D.	1916 107-108
do Gen. Mtg. 5s	J. & D.	1918 121-122
U. D. 25s 6s	Oct. '01 1½	84½-84½
United Ry's Pfd.	J & J	89½-89½
" 4 p.c. 50s		31½-31½
St. Louis Transit.		

INSURANCE STOCKS.

	Par	Last Dividend	Per Cent.	Pr ce.
American Cent.	100	July 1901, 4 SA	225	230

MISCELLANEOUS STOCKS.

	Par	Last Dividend	Per Cent.	Price
Am. Car. Pdry Co	100	Oct. 1901 1½	29	-30
" " Pfd	100	Oct. 1901, 1½ qy	88	-89
Bell Telephone	100	Oct. 1901 2 qy	150	-160
Bonne Terre F. C	100	May '96, 2	2	-4
Central Lead Co.	100	Dec. 1901, 1 MO	128	-138
Consol. Coal	100	Jan. 1902 1	19	-21
Doe Run Min. Co	100	Dec. 1901, 1 MO	128	-135
Granite Bl. Metal	100		260	-267
Hydraulic P. B. Co	100	Nov. 1901, 1	95	-98
K. & T. Coal Co.	100	Feb. '99, 1	50	-52
Kennard Com.	100	Aug. 1901 A. 10.	110	-115
Kennard Pfd.	100	Aug. 1901 SA 3½	116	-120
Laclede Gas, com	100	Sept. 1901 2 p.c.	91	-91½
Laclede Gas, pf.	100	Dec. 1901 SA 2½	108	-109
Mo. Edison Pfd.	100		45	-47
Mo. Edison com.	100		15	-16
Nat. Stock Yards	100	Oct. '01 1½ qy	100	-101
Schults Belting	100	Oct. '01 qy 2 p.c.	97	-100
Simmons Hdwy Co	100	Mar., 1901, 6 A	181	-183
Simmons do pf.	100	Aug. 1901, 3½ SA	139	-142
Simmons do 2 pf.	100	Oct. 1901 4 S.A.	140	-145
St. Joseph L. Co.	10	Sept. 1901 1½ qy	16	-18
St. L. Brew Pfd.	10	Jan., '00, 2 p.c.	46	-48½
St. L. Brew. Com.	10	Jan., '99 4 p.c.	41	-43
St. L. Cot. Comp	100	Sept., '94, 4	40	-45
St. L. Exposit'n	100	Dec., '96, 2	1½	-2
St. L. Transfer Co	100	Oct. 1901, 1 qy	72	-75
Union Dairy	100	Nov., '01, 2 qy	135	-145
Wiggins Fer. Co.	100	Oct., '01, 2 qy	232	-240
Westhaus Brake	50	Dec. 1901, 7½	178	-180
" Coupler		Consolidated	48	-50

beginning of the present week, there appeared to be a little better feeling in speculative circles and prices showed signs of recovery, but the atmosphere is not quite clear. There have been too many and too serious losses. Speculators have been badly hit and they will have to save up for some months before they will be able to enter the arena again. The lesson received was a timely and valuable one, and it is to be hoped that it has been taken to heart.

As a result of the local collapse, promoters of various new trust companies have taken to the woods. They should have promoted months ago. They waited and waited, and then they were just in time to be too late. The whole thing, as can be plainly seen now, was nothing but a gamble. Companies were being organized for speculative profits. Of course, some of the recently-formed trust companies have substantial and conservative men back of them and will win the confidence of St. Louis people, although they may not advance as rapidly as some enthusiasts imagine.

Missouri Trust dropped below 130, and is now selling at 132. President Orr, who lately resigned, made a splendid speculative haul, it is said. He accepted the position, and a few weeks later resigned, on the convenient pretext that his health was impaired. The stock tumbled from 185 to 129. Further comments are superfluous.

Commonwealth sold at the low price of 300; Germania dropped below 200 and Lincoln could be had at 259. Colonial is 210 bid, 211½ asked. American Central Trust is offered at 170; 168¼ is bid for it. Third National continues firm at 244¼. State National is in demand at 209½.

St. Louis Transit declined to almost 30, and then rallied to 32 again: United preferred sold at 84; it is now quoted at 84¾; the 4 per cent bonds are lower and selling at 89.37½.

Business at local banks is still heavy. Money is in good demand. Drafts on New York are lower. Sterling, on the other hand, is higher, and quoted at 4.88.

Mr. Chas. A. Waugh, thirty years with the E. Jaccard Jewelry Co., has installed and is now in charge of an up-to-date stationery department at J. Bolland Jewelry Co., Mercantile Club Building, 7th and Locust streets.

Cassidy: "Man, ye're drunk."

Casey: "'Tis a lie ye're spakin', Cassidy. Ye'd not dare to say that to me iv Oi was sober."

Cassidy: "Iv ye wuz sober ye'd hov sinse enough to know ye was drunk."—Philadelphia Press.

Elsie: "Yes, dear, my husband is a doctor, and a lovely fellow, but awfully absent-minded." Ada: "Indeed?" Elsie: "Only fancy! During the marriage ceremony, when he gave me the ring, he felt my pulse, and told me to put out my tongue."

SERENADING MAZIE.

"My experience among the poor of the tenements," said the young doctor of the Settlement House, "more and more convinces me that there is a true poverty, which shrinks from making itself known, and has to be sought; and a poverty which flaunts itself and thrives at the expense of truthfulness and self-respect."

"The self-respecting poor suffer in silence, or when need presses hardest they borrow from each other. When conditions look up a little, they repay the favor."

"This spirit of helpfulness is revealed in other ways, too. They are quick to feel and to show sympathy in sickness or misfortune. I saw something this afternoon which illustrates this."

"I was on my way to a patient in Brown's court, and had turned into it when I heard music. A small boy sat on the lowest step of an entrance to a house in the court, playing 'rag-time' music on a harmonica. In front of him were four or five other youngsters, boys and girls both, dancing to the music."

"They did not seem to me to be carried away by the spirit of enjoyment, but to be dancing rather for some particular purpose. As they danced they kept looking up toward the window in the second story of the opposite house, and at the end of the dance one of the girls called to some one in the window, whom I couldn't see from where I stood."

"You like that Mazie?"

"Oh, it's just fine," came an excited girlish voice in reply, 'an' Chimmy plays elegant!"

"Chimmy" smiled and was going to begin again when my approach broke in on the entertainment. He looked up with a friendly grin. We had often met before.

"Having an open air rehearsal Jimmy?" I asked.

"I dunno 'bout that," he answered. 'Mazie's just back from the hospital—had her leg took off—an' we're a-givin' her a-a—"

"He stopped to recall the word he wanted, and then asked:

"What is it dey call it when the ban' plays de night after 'lection at de feller's house what's winned out?"

"Serenade," I suggested.

"Sure! Dat's it—ser-nade. We're a-givin' her a ser'nade 'cause we're glad she's home, an' we want her to feel good!" and his eyes sought the window sympathetically. I looked too, and saw a young girl seated in a pillow-propped chair. Behind her, leaning affectionately upon the back of the chair, stood Mazie's mother. Their faces were beaming happily, and it was plain that both of them were 'feeling good.'—Youth's Companion.

Adele: "What do you think is woman's real mission?" Edna: "To get her name changed."

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A BERLIOZ CONCERT.

BY A. B. WALKLEY.

She was in London again, then? He knew she could not long endure privation of the music that was as the breath of her nostrils—little nostrils that worked so fastidiously over the scent *de chez Guerlin* that he knew so well. Yes, that was she; there was no mistaking the burnished copper of the Giorgione hair above the soft silver-grey chinchilla collar. Had she seen him? If so, she had given no sign. Of course the other, the man, was at her side, with his abominably glistening hat, his broad-braided coat, his *boutonniere*, his general air of Stock Exchange smartness—and still with his smug, callous look of the "man in possession." Yet this man hated music—except of the sort known to the Gaiety and the piano-organs—so that his presence there showed that he was afraid, afraid to leave her unguarded. And she kept her face turned resolutely from him—there was some comfort in that! And the man looking on, knowing the little intimate drama that none other knew, wondered as his gaze passed on to the scores of other couples in the hall whether all these also had their secret dramas. Probably not, he thought. What the reporters call a "calm exterior" is not necessarily a disguise; it may, after all, cover an inward calm; as Sheridan said, an empty bottle may be as well corked as a full one.

But the conductor, an unmistakable Englishman, notwithstanding his unkempt locks and his flowing French cravat, after casting his eye over the audience and waiting till a crowd of late comers had found their seats, raised his *baton*, and the symphony began.

It was the "Symphonie Fantastique" of Hector Berlioz—that strange transmutation of a soul into sound—called by its composer "An Episode in the Life of an Artist," though it might more truly be called an episode in the great Romantic movement. For it dates from 1830, the year of "Henri III. et sa cour," the very year, that is to say, in which old Dumas instituted the drama of the nineteenth century. There was the peculiar "note" of Berlioz. As a rule the giants of music stand alone—in truth, no doubt, the products and symptoms of their time, like everybody and everything else that has life—but not easily brought into line with the definite literary and artistic aims of their time. One does not put Gluck or Mozart alongside of any late eighteenth century writer or painter, or Beethoven alongside of Goethe. But it is impossible to think of Berlioz apart from the French Romantic movement; he was its musician just as Delacroix was its painter, Hugo its poet, and old Dumas its dramatist. It was the Shakespearean performances of Kean and Macready in Paris that had first set the hearts of all these men beating to the same tune. And had not Berlioz married one of that English company of players, the little Miss Smithson, who recited Shakespeare with an adorable Irish accent? And was there not something of the weird Shakespearean tragic feeling in this "Symphonie Fantastique?" Something of Shakespeare; more perhaps of Byron. What could be more Byronic than the very conception of the thing, as described by Berlioz himself? "A young musician, of painful sensibility and of an ardent imagination, poisons himself with opium in a fit of despair occasioned by love." (Opium! Oh, Coleridge! Oh, De Quincey! Oh, Gerard

de Nerval!) "The narcotic dose, too weak to kill him, throws him into a stupor, accompanied by many strange visions, in the course of which his sensations, sentiments and recollections take the form of musical thoughts and images in his diseased brain. The woman he loves herself becomes for him a melody, an *idée fixe* which he finds and hears everywhere." Was that not more Byronic than Byron—"more royalist than the king?"

So thought the man whose gaze never wandered from the ruddy hair over the argent chinchilla. "At first" (so Berlioz ran on) "he muses upon the sickness of soul, the 'vogue des passions,' the melancholy and the joy for which there was no accounting." The "sickness of soul"—was not nearly all the Romantic movement in that phrase? It was the "*maladie du siècle*," as it came to be called, the melody of Chateaubriand's "Rene" and of Musset as well as Berlioz and of Byron. The "*vogue des passions*"—could anything more aptly describe the mood of Berlioz in this, as in all, his music? Then the first movement of Symphony sank into a broad, simple, religious theme, and the mind of the man listening was carried back some years to another performance of Berlioz. It was his Cantata "L'Enfance du Christ," performed in the church of a little Norman seaport. Great singers had been brought down from Paris, Parisian dames had given up to the church the money they had won at "*petits chevaux*," and the man could still see the fine face of the old cure as he exhorted his flock to bethink them that all this sweet music was something more than music, in that it was now being sung "*ad maiorem Dei gratiam*." It had been the listener's first introduction to Berlioz, and he still remembered the joy, the sense of fulness in life, with which, as he listened, he looked through the open door of the church out towards the sea, sparkling in the sunshine.

But his thoughts were brought back to the "Symphonie Fantastique" by the first delicious notes of the second movement—the "Ball" scene—with its sensuous rhythm, its *tempo rubato*, its triumphant evocation of an 1830 ballroom. The listener could almost see the slim muslins and the sandaled feet of the women, and the high collars and satin stocks of the men. Was that the Duchesse de Maufigneuse? And this Lucien de Rubempre? For how to listen to this music without a vision of some crowded salon of Balzac? The dance music swooned and died, and soon the listener's ear was filled with the haunting charm of the pastoral movement; with its quaint, troubling, duet on shepherds' pipes. "This pastoral duet," says Berlioz, "the surrounding scene, the light rustling of the trees as they are moved by the breeze, some grounds of hope which he has recently been encouraged to entertain, all combine to produce in his heart an unaccustomed calm. But she appears again . . . one of the herdsmen resumes his naive melody; the other no longer replies. . . . The sun sets; thunder is heard in the distance. . . . Solitude . . . silence." Wonderful Symphony! that could thus ravish the mind away from the crowded Paris of Balzac to the countryside of George Sand! (Had he not once lent his copy of "La Petite Fodette" to the woman there, who was now rapt in the music? The man at her side had fallen into his usual concert slumber, and even the measured tramp of the Dead March failed to rouse him.)

Through Pullman Sleepers
BETWEEN
ST. LOUIS AND JACKSONVILLE.
ST. LOUIS AND MOBILE.
ST. LOUIS AND NEW ORLEANS.

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MOUNTAIN CLIMBING

And then came whirling and shrieking and crashing and groaning and laughing and whistling down the wind and setting the nerves all a-jangle, that astounding "*Songe d'une nuit de sabbat*." The drums, a round dozen of them in all—with six drummers to play them—rattled and banged and boomed, and a player, hidden behind a screen on that side of the orchestra where the ladies sit with their harps, clanged the funeral bell, and altogether there was even more of a hurly-burly than in the *finale* of Tchaikowsky's "1812." "The Witches' Dance" mingled with the strains of the "Dies Irae"—and the "Symphonie Fantastique"

was at an end. The man almost wished he had been born a century earlier so that he, too, might have been young and full-blooded just as that great Romantic movement was coming into being. His speculations were interrupted by a stentorian voice declaring, to a tinkling pianoforte accompaniment—

It is not mine to sing the stately grace,
The great soul beaming in my lady's face.

A drawing-room sentimentalism right on top of the Berlioz Symphony! He turned away—but the Giorgione head with the chinchilla setting had already disappeared.

Fine Diamonds—Mermod & Jaccard's.

CRAWFORD'S

The near approach of Spring has prompted us to open up our new line of Furniture and Carpets in great style. Our spacious windows on Washington avenue and Sixth street bear eloquent testimony to the immensity and variety of our stock, everything necessary for the furnishing of the home, whether cottage or mansion, will be found on our Third Floor in endless display and dainty freshness.

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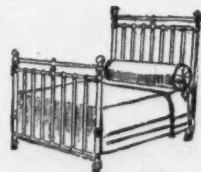


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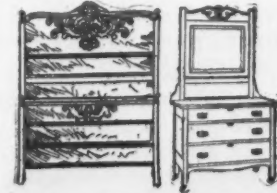


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AMERICAN HUSTLE.

In their future ponderings of the "American invasion" our British cousins may discover significance in a feat that has recently startled their city of Manchester. The Westinghouse Electric Company, it appears, were about to erect a seven-million dollar plant at that point. They were also in a hurry to have it done. They submitted their plans to the foremost English builders and wanted to know how soon the job could be finished. They remarked that they wanted the buildings put up in a hurry. A very great hurry, they said. The English builders sat up nights to figure over the plans, and said, finally, that, if the buildings were desired in a very great hurry, they could, possibly, by rare good management and working over-time, have them finished within five years. Of course, that was vastly expeditious, and, under the stress of such feverish haste, accidents might delay. . . . The manager for the American company was a St. Louis person; a person named Stewart. Efforts to cultivate the old-world graces of repose in St. Louis have never met with more than indifferent success. This man, Stewart, had been excessively inefficient. In fact, Stewart behaved a good deal like an Indian when they told him "five years." He said it wasn't anywhere near soon enough. He said the Westinghouse Company didn't wish to provide the public of Manchester with a perpetual object-lesson in the art of leisurely brick-laying. Or something like that. The amazed English builders thereupon set to confirming their figures—to prove that the plant could by no chance go up in less than five years; that six would really be fast. But, while they were still demonstrating this proposition to their own satisfaction, the St. Louis person had gone out and done the work. British bricklayers under his direction had completed it in less than one year. The secret apparently lay in Stewart's insistence that the fastest bricklayer, not the slowest, should set the pace for the others. It was a novel idea; an attack, moreover, upon an ancient tenet of the British Trades Unions. But Stewart carried his point. He had each dazed Briton laying an average of eighteen hundred bricks a day, against the old average of four hundred and fifty. And he did it with union labor and without a strike. The matter is respectfully submitted to the British publicists.—Puck.

Mr. Chas. A. Waugh, thirty years with the E. Jaccard Jewelry Co., has installed and is now in charge of an up-to-date stationery department at J. Bolland Jewelry Co., Mercantile Club Building, 7th and Locust street.

HIS LADY'S TRESSES.

Sarah, the first Duchess of Marlborough, whose tempestuous character lacked many of the ordinary graces of womanliness, was yet sincerely loved by the two persons who knew her best—her husband, the Duke of Marlborough, and the "good" Queen Anne. Among the many pictures which Fitzgerald Molloy, the latest biographer of the duchess, has incorporated in his "Life" is one which is not only lively but charming.

On the death of the duke the duchess found in a cabinet where he kept all that he most valued a mass of her hair. Years before, when he had thwarted her in something, she resolved to mortify him, and knowing that her beautiful and abundant

hair was a source of pride and delight to him she had it cut off.

The shorn tresses were left in a room through which the duke must pass and in a place where he must see them, for whatever Marlborough's lady did she did thoroughly. But he came and went, saw and spoke to her and showed neither anger, sorrow nor surprise.

When he next quitted the house she ran to see her tresses, but they had disappeared, and on consulting her looking-glass she saw how foolish a thing she had done, but she said nothing about her shorn locks, nor did the duke. She never knew what had become of them until after the death of the duke she found them among those things which he had held most precious.—*Youth's Companion*.

BRAINS, BUT NO DOCTOR.

In answer to the summons of the telephone bell, in the home of Captain Bangs of the Twenty-third Regiment, Mrs. Bangs called "Hello!"

A very impatient voice answered: "I want Dr. B."

"Well?" said the lady.

The man (still more impatiently)—Is this Dr. B.?"

"No."

"Can't you put some one at that telephone who has some intelligence?"

"There's intelligence enough at this end, but no doctor," came the reply.

Then the smart man discovered he had called up the wrong number and was profuse in his apologies.—*New York Times*.

RAILLERY.

I overheard a lively argument between three college girls while waiting for a car in front of the public library the other night.

"Which is correct," asked the first, "to say 'here she comes' or 'here it comes?'" as the attention of the trio was directed toward a car approaching in the distance.

" 'Here it comes,' of course," emphatically declared one of the group.

"No, I think 'here she comes' is preferable," quickly retorted the first speaker, still watching the car.

"You are both wrong, you are both wrong," spoke up the third, jumping up and down excitedly; "you should say 'here he comes.'"

This remark so amused the other two that their attention was suddenly diverted from the rapidly nearing car, as they laughed in feigned derision of their companion's sense of grammar.

But the girl who had spoken last kept her eyes on the car, watching it closely as it came more clearly into view.

"Girls, I am right," she shouted at them so unexpectedly that the two turned toward the street at once.

"See, it is a mail car," she pointed out triumphantly to the surprised couple who saw one of the white trolleys coming down the track; "here he comes."—*Boston Record*.

ONE ON HIM.—*Husband*: "How long is it since I've been to church?" *Wife*: "Do you mean to say you've forgotten our wedding day?"—*Brooklyn Life*.

Edith: "Mamma, didn't the missionary say savages don't wear any clothes?" *Mother*: "Yes, dearie." *Edith*: "Then why did papa put a button in the missionary box?"—*Ex*.

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JOB'S ADVANTAGE.

"What's the matter, little boy?" inquired the kind lady, stopping before a sobbing urchin on the street.

"I—I got a boil on my neck," whimpered the boy.

"Yes, but just think how many boils Job had."

"I know, but think uv th' pashence he had, too!" replied the boy.—*Ohio State Journal*.

Mrs. Jones: "Charles has an unconquerable spirit." Mrs. Smith: "Indeed?" Mrs. Jones: "Yes; he was two hours unlocking the front door early this morning."

THE GAME OF FAME.—*Scrubs*: "Do you think your new novel will sell?" *Stubbs*: "Sell? yes, siree; I've hired a Chicago man to come forward and claim the plot."—*Detroit Free Press*.

Mrs. Crimsonbeak: "Did you say he is a man of stable habits?" Mr. Crimsonbeak: "Yes; he kicks like a mule."—*Yonkers Statesman*.

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AND HIS PUPILS

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"Sea Drift" and "Monsieur."

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